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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Ode, for the Fourth of July.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Land of my fathers, of the Free—
The brave, the great in heart—
From ocean wave, to icy Pole,
Thy blazing flag shall ever roll—
The starry symbol of each soul,
Where liberty has part.

God bless thee—and thy manly sons;
Whose arms are ever thine;
Whose breaths are as the lightning's gleam;
Whose flashing sword shall ever stream,
With despot's blood—a ruddy beam,
Of freemen's strength, the sign.

Thy daughters too, a gentle band—
The mothers of the free;
The sinews of each manly arm;
The hearth stone's best and brightest charm—
Whose gentle ties, the heart must warm,
To love for them, and thee.

Free as the ocean's surging foam—
That breasts thy rocky shore,
Oh! be thy verdant sod my grave;
O'er which thy starry flag shall wave;
Then clouds may lower, and tempests rave,
When I shall be no more.

The Broken Heart.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold with a deep curse quivering on his lips; I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance, with a tearless eye—but I never could look on woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely is ceasing from existence, and breathes with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts that come up, like spectres from the grave, to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took my residence for a few weeks, in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadow of deep and holy memories rested like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers—her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating, unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her faint away in the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay; yet I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eyelids at times closing heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. The smile upon her lip was faint, the purple veins upon her neck grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in June, I wandered out with her in the open air. It was then that she first told me of the tale of her passion, and of the blight that came down like mildew upon her life,—love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years; and when they were rent away it left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have passed over my life, and the bright bud of hope, and the sweet blossoms of passion, are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of friends who love me; it is very hard to bid farewell to those dear scenes with which I have held communion from childhood, and which from day to day have caught the color of my life, and sympathised with its joys and sorrows. That little grave, where I have so often strayed with my buried love, and where, at times, even now, the sweetest tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me, till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody; the pensive star in which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me, and beckoning me on to his own bright home—every flower and rivulet, on which our early love has set his undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever.

I have lately heard that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of withering roses, and then dies as it were from very sweetness.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon the wave, and then then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied. Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festivity around the midnight throne, are set so far above the reach of our limited faculties—forever mocking us by their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in cold and alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean—and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams! in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy last image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the dreams that linger around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.

ABSENCE OF MIND—LAST CASE.—A pious old lady in Connecticut recently woke up on a Saturday morning, and, fancying it Sunday, started off for church. She found every body on the way attending to their ordinary business, and was persuading herself that they were engaged in works of necessity, until she happened to spy the deacon digging in his garden, when she was instantly convinced of the error, and started back again!

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

The child was closely followed by an elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin, bristly with the stubble of a coarse, hard beard; his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expressions of his face, was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit and to have no connection with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discolored fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such hair as he had, was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowzy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow.

There was ample time to note these particulars, for besides that they were sufficiently obvious without very close observation, some moments elapsed before any one broke silence. The child advanced timidly toward her brother and put her hand in his, the dwarf (if we may call him so) glanced keenly at all present, and the curiosity-dealer, who plainly had not expected his uncouth visitor, seemed disconcerted and embarrassed.

"Ah!" said the dwarf, who with his hand stretched out above his eye had been surveying the young man attentively, "that should be your grandson, neighbor!"

"Say rather that he should not be," replied the old man. "But he is."

"And that?" said the dwarf, pointing to Dick Swiveller.

"Some friend of his, as welcome here as he," said the old man.

"And that?" inquired the dwarf wheeling round and pointing straight at me.

"A gentleman who was so good as to bring Nell home the other night when she lost her way, coming from your house."

The little man turned to the child as if to chide her or express his wonder, but as she was talking to the young man, held his peace, and bent his head to listen.

"Well, Nelly," said the young fellow aloud—"Do they teach you to hate me, eh?"

"No, no. For shame. Oh, no!" cried the child.

"To love me perhaps?" pursued her brother with a sneer.

"To do neither," she returned. "They never speak to me about you. Indeed they never do."

"I dare be bound for that," he said, darting a bitter look at the grandfather. "I dare be bound for that, Nell. Oh! I believe you there!"

"But I love you dearly, Fred," said the child.

"No doubt!"

"I do indeed, and always will," the child repeated with great emotion, "but oh! if you would leave off vexing him and making him unhappy, then I could love you more."

"I see!" said the young man, as he stooped carelessly over the child, and having kissed her, pushed her from him: "There—get you away now you have said your lesson. You need n't whimper. We part good friends enough, if that's the matter."

He remained silent, following her with his eyes, until she had gained her little room and closed the door: and then turning to the dwarf, said abruptly,

"Harkee Mr.—"

"Meaning me?" returned the dwarf. "Quilp is my name. You might remember. It 's not a long one—Daniel Quilp."

"Harkee Mr. Quilp then," pursued the other. "You have some influence with my grandfather there."

"Some," said Mr. Quilp emphatically.

"And are in a few of his mysteries and secrets."

"A few," replied Quilp, with equal dryness.

"Then let me tell him once for all, through you, that I will come into and out of this place as often as I like, so long as he keeps Nell here; and that if he wants to be quit of me, he must first be quit of her. What have I done to be made a bugbear of, and to be shunned and dreaded as if I brought the plague? He'll tell you that I have no natural affection; and that I care no more for Nell, for her own sake, than I do for him. Let him say so. I care for the whim, then, of coming to and fro and reminding her of my existence. I will see her when I please. That's my point. I came here to-day to maintain it, and I'll come here again fifty times with the same object and with the same success. I said I would stop till I had gained it. I have done so, and now my visit's ended. Come, Dick."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Swiveller, as his companion turned toward the door. "Sir!"

"Sir, I am your humble servant," said Mr. Quilp, to whom the monosyllable was addressed.

"Before I leave the gay and festive scene, and halls of dazzling light, Sir," said Mr. Swiveller. "I will, with your permission, attempt a slight remark. I came here, sir, this day, under the impression that the old man was friendly."

"Proceed sir," said Daniel Quilp; for the orator had made a sudden stop.

"Inspired by this idea and the sentiments it awakened, sir, and feeling as a mutual friend that badgering, baiting, and bullying, was not the sort of thing calculated to expand the souls and promote the social harmony of the contending parties, I took upon myself to suggest a course which is the course to be adopted on the present occasion. Will you allow me to whisper half a syllable, Sir?"

Without waiting for the permission he sought, Mr. Swiveller stepped up to the dwarf, and leaning on his shoulder and stooping down to get at his ear, said in a voice which was perfectly audible to all present,

"The watch-word to the old man is—fork."

"Is what?" demanded Quilp.

"Is fork, sir," replied Mr. Swiveller, slapping his pocket. "You are awake, sir?"

The dwarf nodded. Mr. Swiveller drew back and nodded likewise, then drew a little farther back and nodded again, and so on. By these means he in time reached the door, where he gave a great cough to attract the dwarf's attention and gain an opportunity of expressing in dumb show, the closest confidence and most inviolable secrecy. Having performed the serious pantomime that was necessary for the due conveyance of these ideas, he cast himself upon his friend's track, and vanished.

"Humph!" said the dwarf with a sour look and a shrug of his shoulders, "so much for dear relations. Thank God I acknowledge none!—Nor need either," he added, turning to the old man, "if you were not as weak as a reed, and nearly as senseless."

"What would you have me do?" he retorted in a kind of helpless desperation. "It is easy to talk and sneer. What would you have me do?"

"What would *I* do if I was in your case?" said the dwarf.

"Something violent, no doubt."

"You 're right there," returned the little man, highly gratified by the compliment, for such he evidently considered it; and grinning like a devil as he rubbed his dirty hands together. "Ask Mrs. Quilp, pretty Mrs. Quilp, obedient, timid, loving Mrs. Quilp. But that reminds me—I have left her all alone, and she will be anxious and know not a moment's peace till I return. I know she's always in that condition when I'm away, though she does n't dare say so, unless I lead her on and tell her she may speak freely and I won't be angry with her. Oh! well-trained Mrs. Quilp!"

The creature appeared quite horrible with his monstrous head and little body, as he rubbed his hands slowly round, and round, and round again—with something fantastic even in his manner of performing this slight action—and, dropping his shaggy brows and cocking his chin in the air, glanced upward with a stealthy look of exultation that an imp might have copied and appropriated to himself.

"Here," he said, putting his hand into his breast and sidling up to the old man as he spoke; "I brought it myself for fear of accidents, as being in gold, it was something large and heavy for Nell to carry in her bag. She need be accustomed to such loads betimes though, neighbor, for she will carry weight when you are dead."

"Heaven send she may! I hope so," said the old man with something like a groan.

"Hope so!" echoed the dwarf, approaching close to his ear; "neighbor, I would I knew in what good investment all these supplies are sunk. But you are a deep man, and keep your secret close."

"My secret!" said the other with a haggard look. "Yes, you 're right—I—I—keep it close—very close."

He said no more, but taking the money turned away with a slow uncertain step, and pressed his hand upon his head like a weary and dejected man. The dwarf watched him sharply, while he passed into the little sitting-room and locked it in an iron safe above the chimney-piece; and after musing for a short space, prepared to take his leave, observing that unless he made good haste, Mrs. Quilp would certainly be in fits on his return.

"And so neighbor," he added, "I'll turn my face homeward, leaving my love for Nelly and hoping she may never lose her way again, though her doing so has procured me an honor I did n't expect." With that he bowed and leered at me, and with a keen glance around which seemed to comprehend every object within his range of vision, however small or trivial, went his way.

I had several times essayed to go myself, but the old man had always opposed it and entreated me to remain. As he renewed his entreaties on our being left alone, and adverted with many thanks to the former occasion of our being together, I willingly yielded to his persuasions, and sat down pretending to examine some curious miniatures and a few old medals which he placed before me. It needed no great pressing to induce me to stay, for if my curiosity had been excited on the occasion of my first visit, it certainly was not diminished now.

Nell joined us before long, and bringing some needle-work to the table, sat by the old man's side. It was pleasant to observe the fresh flowers in the room, the pet bird with a green bough shading his little cage, the breath of freshness and youth which seemed to rustle through the old dull house and hover round the child. It was curious, but not so pleasant, to turn from the beauty and grace of the girl, to the stooping figure, care-worn face, and jaded aspect of the old man. As he grew weaker and more feeble, what would become of this lonely little creature—poor protector as he was—say that he died—what would her fate be then?

The old man almost answered my thoughts, as he laid his hands on hers, and spoke aloud.

"I'll be of better cheer, Nell," he said; "there must be good fortune in store for thee—I do not ask it for myself, but thee. Such miseries must fall on thy innocent head without it, that I cannot believe but that, being tempted, it will come at last!"

She looked cheerfully into his face, but made no answer.

"When I think," said he, "of the many years—many in the short life—that thou hast lived alone with me; of thy monotonous existence, knowing no companions of thy own age nor any childish pleasures; of the solitude in which thou hast grown to be what thou art, and in which thou hast lived apart from nearly all thy kind but one old man; I sometimes fear I have dealt hardly by thee, Nell."

"Grandfather!" cried the child in unfeigned surprise.

"Not in intention—no no," said he. "I have ever looked forward to the time that should enable thee to mix among the gayest and prettiest, and take thy station with the best. But I still look forward, Nell, I still look forward, and if I should be forced to leave thee, meanwhile how have I fitted thee for struggles with the world?—The poor bird yonder is as well qualified to encounter it, and be turned adrift upon its mercies—Hark! I hear Kit outside. Go to him Nell, go to him."

She rose, and hurrying away, stopped, turned back, and put her arms about the old man's neck, then left him and hurried away again—but faster this time, to hide her falling tears.

"A word in your ear, Sir," said the old man in a hurried whisper. "I have been rendered uneasy by what you said the other night, and can only plead that I have done all for the best—that it is too late to retract, if I could (though I cannot)—and that I hope to triumph yet. All is for her sake. I have bore great poverty myself, and would spare her the sufferings that poverty carries with it. I would spare her the miseries that brought her mother, my own dear child, to an early grave. I would leave her—not with resources which could be easily spent or squandered away, but with what would place her beyond the reach of want for ever. You mark me Sir?—She shall have no pittance, but a fortune—Hush! I can say no more than that, now or at any other time, and she is here again!"

The eagerness with which all this was poured into my ear, the trembling of the hand with which he clasped my arm, the strained and starting eyes he fixed upon me, the wild vehemence and agitation of his manner, filled me with amazement.—All that I had heard and seen, and a great part of what he had said himself, led me to suppose that he was a wealthy man. I could form no comprehension of his character, unless he were one of those miserable wretches who have made gain the sole end and object of their lives and having succeeded in amassing great riches, are constantly tortured by the dread of poverty, and beset by fears of loss and ruin. Many things he had said which I had been at a loss to understand, were quite reconcileable with the idea thus presented to me, and at length I concluded that beyond all doubt he was one of this unhappy race.

The opinion was not the result of hasty consideration, for which indeed there was no opportunity at that time, as the child came back directly, and soon occupied herself in preparations for giving Kit a writing lesson, of which it seemed he had a couple every week, and one regularly on that evening, to the great mirth and enjoyment both of himself and his instructress. To relate how it was a long time before his modesty could be so far prevailed upon as to admit of his sitting down in the parlor, in the presence of an unknown gentleman—how when he did sit down he tucked up his sleeves and squared his elbows and put his face close to the copy-book and squinted horribly at the lines—how from the very first moment of having the pen in his hand, he began to wallow in blots, and to daub himself with ink up to the very roots of his hair—how if he did by accident form a letter properly, he immediately smeared it out again with his preparations to make another—how at every fresh mistake, there was a fresh burst of merriment from the child and a louder and not less hearty laugh from poor Kit himself—and how there was all the way through, notwithstanding, a gentle wish on her part to teach, and an anxious desire on his to learn—to relate all these particulars would no doubt occupy more space and time than they deserve. It will be sufficient to say that the lesson was given—that evening passed and night came on—that the old man again grew restless and impatient—that he quitted the house secretly at the same hour as before—and that the child was once more left alone within its gloomy walls.

And now that I have carried this history so far in my own character and introduced these personages to the reader, I shall for the convenience of the narrative detach myself from its farther course, and leave those who have prominent and necessary parts in it to speak and act for themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Quilp resided on Tower Hill; and in her bower on Tower Hill Mrs. Quilp was left to pine the absence of her lord, when he quitted her on business which he has been already seen to transact.

Mr. Quilp could scarcely be said to be of any particular trade or calling, though his pursuits were diversified and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the water-side, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant vessels, had a share in the venture of divers mates of East Indiamen, smoked his smuggled cigars under the very nose of the Custom House, and made appointments on Change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day. On the Surrey side of the river was a small rat-infested dreary yard called "Quilp's Wharf," in which were a little wooden counting-house burrowing all awry in the dust as if it had fallen from the clouds and ploughed into the ground; a few fragments of rusty anchors; several large iron rings; some piles of rotten wood; and two or three heaps of old sheet copper, crumpled, cracked, and battered. On Quilp's Wharf, Daniel Quilp was a ship-braker, yet to judge from these appearances he must either have been a ship-braker on a very small scale, or have broken his ships up very small indeed. Neither did the place present any extraordinary aspect of life or activity, as its only human occupant was an amphibious boy in a canvass suit, whose sole change of occupation was from sitting on the head of a pile and throwing stones into the mud when the tide was out, to standing with his hands in his pockets gazing listlessly on the motion and on the bustle of the river at high-water.

The dwarf's lodging on Tower Hill comprised, besides the needful accommodation for himself and Mrs. Quilp, a small sleeping closet for that lady's mother, who resided with the couple and waged perpetual war with Daniel; of whom, notwithstanding, she stood in no slight dread. Indeed, the ugly creature contrived by some means or other—whether by his ugliness or his ferocity or his natural cunning is no great matter, to impress with a wholesome fear of his anger, most of those with whom he was brought into daily contact and communication. Over nobody had he such complete ascendancy as Mrs. Quilp herself—a pretty little, mild-spoken, blue-eyed woman, who having allied herself in wedlock to the dwarf in one of those strange infatuations of which examples are by no means scarce, performed a sound practical penance for her folly, every day of her life.

It has been said that Mrs. Quilp was pining in her bower. In her bower she was, but not alone, for besides the old lady her mother of whom mentions has recently been made, there were present some half-dozen ladies of the neighborhood who had happened by a strange accident (and also by a little understanding among themselves) to drop in one after another, just about tea time. This being a season favorable to conversation, and the room being a cool, shady, lazy kind of place, with some plants at the open window shutting out the dust, and interposing pleasantly enough between the tea table within and the old Tower without, it is no wonder that the ladies felt an inclination to talk and linger, especially when there are taken into account the additional inducements of fresh butter, new bread, shrimps, and water-cresses.

Now, the ladies being together under these circumstances, it was extremely natural that the discourse should turn upon the propensity of mankind to tyranise over the weaker sex, and the duty that devolved upon the weaker sex to resist that tyranny and assert their rights and dignity. It was natural for four reasons; firstly because Mrs. Quilp being a young woman and notoriously under the dominion of her husband ought to be excited to rebel, secondly because Mrs. Quilp's parent was known to be laudably shrewish in her disposition and inclined to resist male authority, thirdly because each visiter wished to show for herself how superior she was in this respect to the generality of her sex, and fourthly because the company being accustomed to scandalise each other in pairs, were deprived of their usual subject of conversation now that they were all assembled in close friendship, and had consequently no better employment than to attack the common enemy.

Moved by these considerations a stout lady opened the proceedings by enquiring, with an air of great concern and sympathy, how Mr. Quilp was; whereunto Mr. Quilp's wife's mother replied sharply, "Oh! he is well enough—nothing much was ever the matter with him—and ill weeds were sure to thrive." All the ladies then sighed in concert, shook their heads gravely, and looked at Mrs. Quilp as at a martyr.

"Ah!" said the spokesman, "I wish you 'd give her a little of your advice, Mrs. Jiniwin." Mrs. Quilp had been a Miss Jiniwin it should be observed—"no body knows better than you Ma'am what us women owe to ourselves."

"Owe indeed Ma'am!" replied Mrs. Jiniwin. "When my poor husband, her dear father was alive, if he had ever ventured a cross word to me, I'd have——" the good old lady did not finish the sentence, but she twisted off the head of a shrimp with a vindictiveness which seemed to imply that the action was in some degree a substitute for words. In this light it was clearly understood by the other party who immediately replied with great approbation. "You quite enter into my feelings Ma'am, and it's jist what I'd do myself."

"But you have no call to do it," said Mrs. Jiniwin. "Luckily for you, you have no more occasion to do it than I had."

"No woman need have, if she was true to herself," rejoined the stout lady.

"Do you hear that Betsy?" said Mrs. Jiniwin, in a warning voice. "How often have I said the very same words to you, and almost gone down on my knees when I spoke 'em!"

Poor Mrs. Quilp, who had looked in a state of helplessness from one face of condolence to another, colored, smiled, and shook her head doubtfully. This was the signal for a general clamor, which beginning in a low murmur gradually swelled into a great noise in which every body spoke at once, and all said that she being a young woman had no right to set up her opinions against the experience of those who knew so much better; that it was very wrong of her not to take the advice of people who had nothing at heart but her good; that it was next door to being downright ungrateful to conduct herself in that manner; that if she had no respect for herself, she ought to have some for other women, all of whom she compromised by her meekness; and that if she had no respect for other women, the time would come when other women would have no respect for her, and she would be very sorry for that, they could tell her. Having dealt out these admonitions, the ladies fell to a more powerful assault than they had yet made upon the mixed tea, new bread, fresh butter, shrimps and water-cresses, and said their vexation was so great to see her going on like that, that they could hardly bring themselves to eat a single morsel.

"It's all very fine talk," said Mrs. Quilp, with much simplicity, "but I know that if I was to die to-morrow, Quilp could marry any body he pleased—now that he could, I know!"

There was quite a scream of indignation at this idea. Marry whom he pleased! They would like to see him dare to think of marrying any of them; they would like to see the faintest approach to such a thing. One lady (a widow) was quite certain she should stab him if he hinted at it.

"Very well," said Mrs. Quilp, nodding her head, "as I said just now, it's very easy to talk, but I again say that I know—that I'm sure—Quilp has such a way with him when he likes, that the best-looking woman here couldn't refuse him if I was dead, and she was free, and he chose to make love to her. Come."

Every one bridled up at this remark, as much as to say "I know you mean me. Let him try—that's all." And yet for some hidden reason they were all angry with the widow, and each lady whispered in her neighbor's ear that it was very plain the said widow thought herself the person referred to, and what a puss she was!

"Mother knows," said Mrs. Quilp, "that what I say is quite correct, for she often said so before we were married. Didn't you say so mother?"

The inquiry involved the respected lady in rather a delicate position, for she certainly had been an active in making her daughter Mrs. Quilp, and, besides, it was not supporting the family credit to encourage the idea that she had married a man whom nobody else would have. On the other hand, to exaggerate the captivating qualities of her son-in-law would be to weaken the cause of revolt, in which all her energies were deeply engaged. Beset by these opposing considerations, Mrs. Jiniwin admitted the powers of insinuation, but denied the right to govern, and with a timely compliment to the stout lady, brought back the discussion to the point from which it had strayed.

"Oh! it's a sensible and proper thing indeed, what Mrs. George has said!" exclaimed the old lady. "If women are only true to themselves! But Betsey isn't, and more's the shame and pity."

"Before I'd let a man order me about as Quilp orders her," Mrs. George; "before I'd consent to stand in awe of a man as she does of him, I'd—I'd kill myself, and write a letter first to say he did it!"

This remark being loudly commended and approved of, another lady (from the Minories) put in her word:

"Mr. Quilp may be a very nice man," said this lady, "and I suppose there's no doubt he is, because Mrs. Quilp says he is, and Mrs. Jiniwin says he is, and they ought to know, or nobody does. But still he is not quite a—what one calls a handsome man, nor quite a young man neither, which might be a little excuse for him if any thing could be; whereas his wife is young, and is good-looking, and is a woman—which is the great thing after all."

This last clause being delivered with extraordinary pathos elicited a corresponding murmur from the hearers, stimulated by which the old lady went on to remark that if such a husband was cross and unreasonable with such a wife, then—

"If he is!" interposed the mother, putting down her teacup and brushing the crumbs out of her lap, preparatory to making a solemn declaration. "If he is! He is the greatest tyrant that ever lived, she daren't call her soul her own, he makes her tremble with a word and even with a look, he frightens her to death, and she hasn't the spirit to give him a word back, no, not a single word."

Notwithstanding that the fact had been notorious before-hand to all the tea-drinkers, and had been discussed and expatiated on at every tea-drinking in the neighborhood for the last twelve months, this official communication was no sooner made than they all began to talk at once and to vie with each other in vehemence and volubility. Mrs. George remarked that people would talk, that people had often said this to her before, that Mrs. Simmons then and there present had told her so twenty times, that she had always said, "No Henrietta Simmons, unless I see it with my own eyes and hear it with my own ears, I never will believe it." Mrs. Simmons corroborated this testimony and added strong evidence of her own. The lady from the Minories recounted a successful course of treatment under which she had placed her own husband, who, from manifesting one month after marriage unequivocal symptoms of the tiger, had by this means become subdued into a perfect lamb. Another lady recounted her own personal struggle and final triumph, in the course whereof she had found it necessary to call in her mother and two aunts, and to weep incessantly night and day for six weeks. A third, who in the general confusion could secure no other listener, fastened herself upon a young woman still unmarried who happened to be among them, and conjured her as she valued her own peace of mind and happiness to profit by this solemn occasion, to take example from the weakness of Mrs. Quilp, and from that time forth to direct her whole thoughts to taming and subduing the rebellious spirit of man. The noise was at its height, and half the company had elevated their voices into a perfect shriek in order to drown the voices of the other half, when Mrs. Jiniwin was seen to change color and shake her fore-finger stealthily, as if exhorting them to silence. Then, and not until then, Daniel Quilp himself, the cause and occasion of all this clamor, was observed to be in the room, looking on and listening with profound attention.

"Go on, ladies, go on," said Daniel. "Mrs. Quilp, pray ask the ladies to stop to supper, and have a couple of lobsters and something light and palatable."

"I—I—didn't ask them to tea, Quilp," stammered his wife. "It's quite an accident."

"So much the better, Mrs. Quilp; these accidental parties are always the pleasantest," said the dwarf, rubbing his hands so hard that he seemed to be engaged in manufacturing, of the dirt with which they were encrusted, little charges for popguns. "What! Not going ladies, you are not going, surely!"

His fair enemies tossed their heads slightly as they sought their respective bonnets and shawls, but left all verbal contention to Mrs. Jiniwin, who, finding herself in the position of champion, made a faint struggle to sustain the character.

"And why not stop to supper, Quilp," said the old lady, "if my daughter had a mind?"

"To be sure," rejoined Daniel—"why not?"

"There's nothing dishonest or wrong in a supper, I hope," said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Surely not," returned the dwarf. "Why should there be? Nor any thing unwholesome either, unless there's lobster salad or prawns, which I'm told are good for digestion."

"And you wouldn't like your wife to be attacked with that, or any thing else that would make her uneasy, would you?" said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Not for a score of worlds," replied the dwarf, with a grin. "Not even to have a score of mothers-in-law at the same time—and what a blessing that would be!"

"My daughter's your wife, Mr. Quilp, certainly," said the old lady, with a giggle, meant for satirical, and to imply that he needed to be reminded of the fact; "your wedded wife."

"So she is, certainly, so she is," observed the dwarf.

"And she has a right to do as she likes, I hope, Quilp," said the old lady, trembling, partly with anger, and partly with a secret fear of her impish son-in-law.

"Hope she has," he replied. "Oh, don't you know she has? Don't you know she has, Mrs. Jiniwin?"

"I know she ought to have, Quilp, and would have, if she was my way of thinking."

"Why an't you of your mother's way of thinking, my dear?" said the dwarf, turning round and addressing his wife, "why don't you always imitate your mother, my dear? She's the ornament of your sex—your father said so every day of his life, I am sure he did."

"Her father was a blessed creature, Quilp, and worth twenty thousand of some people," said Mrs. Jiniwin; "twenty hundred million thousand."

"I should like to have known him," remarked the dwarf. "I dare say he was a blessed creature then; but I'm sure he is now. It was a happy release. I believe he had suffered a long time?"

The old lady gave a gasp, but nothing came of it; Quilp resumed, with the same malice in his eye, and the same sarcastic smile on his tongue.

"You look ill, Mrs. Jiniwin; I know you have not been exciting yourself too much—talking perhaps, for it is your weakness. Go to bed. Do go to bed."

"I shall go when I please, Quilp, and not before."

"But please to go now. Do please to go now," said the dwarf.

The old woman looked angrily at him, but retreated as he advanced, and falling back before him, suffered him to shut the door upon her and bolt her out among the guests, who were by this time crowding down stairs. Being left alone with his wife, who sat trembling in a corner, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, the little man planted himself before her, and folding his arms, looked steadily at her for some time without speaking.

"Mrs. Quilp," he said, at last.

"Yes, Quilp," she replied, meekly.

Instead of pursuing the theme he had in his mind, Quilp folded his arms again, and looked at her more sternly than before, while she averted her eyes and kept them on the ground.

"Mrs. Quilp."

"Yes, Quilp."

"If ever you listen to these beldames again, I'll bite you."

With this laconic threat, which he accompanied with a snarl that gave him the appearance of being particularly in earnest, Mr. Quilp bade her clear the tea-board away, and bring the rum. The spirit being set before him in a huge case-bottle, which had originally come out of some ship's locker, he ordered cold water and the box of cigars; and these being supplied, he settled himself in an arm-chair, with his large head and face squeezed up against the back, and his legs planted on the table.

"Now, Mrs. Quilp," he said, "I feel in a smoking humor, and shall probably blaze away all night; but sit where you are, if you please, in case I want you."

His wife returned no other reply than the customary "Yes, Quilp," and the small lord of the creation took his first cigar, and mixed his first glass of grog. The sun went down and the stars peeped out, the Tower turned from its own proper color from gray and from grey to black, the room became perfectly dark and the end of the cigar a deep fiery red; but still Mr. Quilp went on smoking and drinking in the same position, and staring listlessly out of the window, with the dog-like smile always on his face, save when Mrs. Quilp made some involuntary movement of restlessness or fatigue, and then it expanded into a grin of delight.

Mr. Weller's Watch.

It seems that the house-keeper and the two Mr. Wellers were no sooner left together on the occasion of their first becoming acquainted, than the house-keeper called to her assistance Mr. Slithers, the barber, who had been lurking in the kitchen in expectation of her summons; and with many smiles and much sweetness introduced him as one who would assist her in the responsible office of entertaining her distinguished visitors.

"Indeed," said she, "without Mr. Slithers, I should have been placed in quite an awkward situation."

"There is no call for any hock'erdness, mum," said Mr. Weller, with the utmost politeness; "no call wotsumever. A lady," added the old gentleman, looking about him with the air of one who establishes an incontrovertible position, "a lady can't be hock'erd. Natur' has otherwise purwided."

The house-keeper inclined her head and smiled yet more sweetly. The barber, who had been fluttering about Mr. Weller and Sam in a state of great anxiety to improve their acquaintance, rubbed his hands and cried "Hear! hear! Very true sir;" whereupon Sam turned about and steadily regarded him for some seconds in silence.

"I never knew," said Sam, fixing his eyes in a ruminative manner upon the blushing barber, "I never knew but vun o' your trade, but *he* wos worth a dozen and wos indeed dewoted to his callin'!"

"Was he in the easy shaving way, sir," inquired Mr. Slithers; "or in the cutting and curling line?"

"Both," replied Sam; "easy shavin' wos his natur, and cuttin' and cur'lin' wos his pride and glory. His whole delight wos in his trade. He spent all his money in bears and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they wos a growling avay down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectually gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends wos being retailed in gallipots in the above shop, and the first floor window was ornamented vith their heads; not to speak of the dreadful aggrawation it must have been to 'em to see a man walkin up and down the pavement on the outside, with the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters, 'Another fine animal was slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's!' Hows'ever, there they wos, and there Jinkinson wos, till he wos took wery ill with some inn'ard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and wos confined to his bed vere he laid a wery long time, but sich was his pride in his profession even then, that whenever he got worse than usual the doctor used to go down stairs and say 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir;' and as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes as if he wos ever so bad calls out 'There's the bears!' and rewives agin."

"Astonishing!" cried the barber.

"Not a bit," said Sam, "human natur' neat as imported. Vun day the doctor happenin' to say 'I shall look in as usual to-morrow mornin',' Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says 'Doctor,' he says, 'will you grant me one favor?' 'I will Jinkinson,' says the doctor. 'Then doctor,' says Jinkinson, 'vill you come unshaved, and let me shave you?' 'I will,' says the doctor. 'God bless you,' says Jinkinson. Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skilful and reg'lar, he says 'Jinkinson,' he says, 'it's wery plain this does you good. Now,' he says 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it 'ud warm your heart to work on, and though the footman' he says, 'has n't got much of a beard, still he 's a trying it on vith a pair o' viskers to that extent that razors is Christian charity. If they take it in turns to mind the carriage wen it 's a waitin' below,' he says, 'wot 's to hinder you from operatin' on both of 'em ev'ry day as well as upon me? you've got six children,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? You've got two assistants in the shop down stairs, wot's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' them as often as you like? Do this,' he says, 'and you 're a man agin.' Jinkinson squeezed the doctor's hand and begun that very day; he kept his tools upon his bed, and wenever he felt his-self gettin' worse, he turned to at vun o' the children who was a runnin' about the house vith heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him again. Vun day the lawyer cum to make his vill; all the time he wos a takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly a clippin' away at his hair with a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that 'ere snippin' noise?' says the lawyer every now and then, 'it's like a man havin' his hair cut.' 'It is wery like a man havin' his hair cut,' says poor Jinkinson, hidin' the scissors and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out, he was very nearly bald. Jinkinson was kept alive in this way for a long time, but at last vun day he has in all the children vun arter another, shaves each on 'em wery clean, and gives him vun kiss on the crown of his head; then he has in the two assistants, and arter cuttin' and curlin' of 'em in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the voice o' the greatest bear, vich rekvest is immediately complied with; then he says that he feels wery happy in his mind, and vishes to be left alone; and then he dies, previously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the middle of his forehead."

This anecdote produced an extraordinary effect, not only upon Mr. Slithers but upon the house-keeper also, who evinced so much anxiety to please and to be pleased, that Mr. Weller, with a manner betokening some alarm, conveyed a whispered inquiry to his son whether he had gone "too fur."

"Wot do you mean by too fur?" demanded Sam.

"In that 'ere little compliment respectin' the want of hock'erdness in ladies, Sammy," replied his father.

"You do n't think she's fallen in love with you in consekens o' that, do you?" said Sam.

"More unlikelier things have come to pass my boy," replied Mr. Weller in a hoarse whisper; "I'm always afeerd of inadwertent captivation, Sammy. If I know'd how to make myself ugley or unpleasant I'd do it, Samivel, raythor than live in this here state of perpetual terror!"

Mr. Weller had at that time, no farther opportunity of dwelling upon the apprehensions which beset his mind, for the immediate occasion of his fears proceeded to lead the way down stairs, apologising as they went for conducting him into the kitchen, which apartment, however, she was induced to proffer for his accommodation in preference to her own little room, the rather as it afforded greater facilities for smoking, and was immediately adjoining the ale cellar. The preparations which were already made, sufficiently proved that these were not mere words of course, for on the deal table were a sturdy ale jug and glasses, flanked with clean pipes and a plentiful supply of tobacco for the old gentleman and his son, while on a dresser hard by was a goodly store of cold meat and other eatables. At sight of these arrangements Mr. Weller was at first distracted between his love of joviality and his doubts whether they were not to be considered as so many evidences of captivation having already taken place; but he soon yielded to his natural impulses, and took his seat at the table with a very jolly countenance.

"As to imbibin' any o' this here flagrant veed, mum, in the presence of a lady," said Mr. Weller, taking up a pipe and laying it down again, "it could n't be. Samivel, total abstinence, if you please."

"But I like it of all things," said the house-keeper.

"No," rejoined Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "No."

"Upon my word I do," said the housekeeper. "Mr. Slithers knows I do."

Mr. Weller coughed, and notwithstanding the barber's confirmation of the statement, said no again, but more feebly than before. The housekeeper lighted a piece of paper and insisted on applying it to the bowl of the pipe with her own fair hands; Mr. Weller resisted; the housekeeper cried that her fingers would be burnt; Mr. Weller gave way. The pipe was ignited, Mr. Weller drew a long puff of smoke, and detecting himself in the very act of smiling on the housekeeper, put a sudden constraint upon his countenance and looked sternly at the candle, with a determination not to captivate, himself or encourage thoughts of captivation in others. From this iron frame of mind he was roused by the voice of his son.

"I do n't think," said Sam who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, "that if the lady wos agreeable, it 'ud be wery far out o' the vay for us four to make up a club of our own like the governors does up stairs, and let him," Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe toward his parent, "be the president."

The housekeeper affably declared that it was the very thing she had been thinking of. The barber said the same. Mr. Weller said nothing, but he laid down his pipe as if in a fit of inspiration, and performed the following manœuvres.

Unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and pausing for a moment to enjoy the easy flow of breath consequent upon this process, he laid violent hands upon his watchchain and slowly and with extreme difficulty drew from his fob an immense double-cased silver watch, which brought the lining of the pocket with it and was not to be disentangled but by great exertions and an amazing redness of face. Having thirtly got it out at last, he detached the outer case, and wound it up with a key of corresponding magnitude, then put the case on again, and having applied the watch to his ear to ascertain that it was still going, gave it some half-dozen hard knocks on the table to improve its performance.

"That," said Mr. Weller, laying it on the table with its face upward, "is the title and emblem o' this here society. Sammy, reach them two stools this vay for the wacant cheers.—Ladies and gen'l'men, Mr. Weller's watch is vound up and now a goin'. Order!"

By way of enforcing this proclamation, Mr. Weller, using the watch after the manner of a president's hammer, and remarking with great pride that nothing hurt it, and that falls and concussions of all kinds materially enhanced the excellence of the works and assisted the regulator, knocked the table a great many times and declared the association formally constituted.

"And do n't let's have no grinnin' at the cheer, Samivel," said Mr. Weller to his son, "or I shall be committin' you to the celler, and then p'raps we may get into wot the 'Merrikins call a fix, and the English a question of privileges."

Having uttered this friendly caution, the president settled himself in his chair with great dignity, and requested that Mr. Samuel would relate an anecdote.

"I've told one," said Sam.

"Wery good, sir; tell another," returned the chair.

"We wos a talking jist now, sir," said Sam turning to Slithers, "about barbers. Pursuing that 'ere fruitful theme, sir, I'll tell you in a wery few words a romantic little story about another barber, as pr'aps you may never have heerd."

"Samivel!" said Mr. Weller, again bringing his watch and the table into smart collision, "address your observations to the cheer, sir, and not to priwate indiwiduals!"

"And if I might rise to order," said the barber in a soft voice, and looking round him with a conciliatory smile as he leant over the table with the knuckles of his left hand resting upon it, "if I might rise to order, I would suggest that 'barbers' is not exactly the kind of language which is agreeable and soothing to our feelings. You, sir, will correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe there is such a word in the dictionary as hair-dressers."

"Well, but suppose he wos n't a hair-dresser," suggested Sam.

"Vy then, sir, be parliamentary, and call him vun all the more," returned his father. "In the same vay as ev'ry gen'l'man in another place is a honorable, ev'ry barber in this place is a hair-dresser. Ven you read the speeches in the papers, and see as vun gen'l'man says of another, 'the honorable member, if he vill allow me to call him so,' you vill understand, sir, that that means, 'if he vill allow me to keep up that 'ere pleasant and universal fiction.'"

It is a common remark, confirmed by history and experience, that great men rise with the circumstances in which they are placed. Mr. Weller came out so strong in his capacity of chairman, that Sam was for some time prevented from speaking by a grin of surprise, which held his faculties enchained, and at last subsided in a long whistle of a single note. Nay, the old gentleman appeared even to have astonished himself, and that to no small extent, as was demonstrated by the vast amount of chuckling in which he indulged after the utterance of these lucid remarks.

"Here's the story," said Sam. "Vunce upon a time there wos a young hair-dresser as opened a wery smart little shop vith four wax dummies in the winder, two gen'l'men and two ladies—the gen'l'men vith blue dots for their beards, wery large viskers, oudacious heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazin' pinkness—the ladies vith their heads o' one side, their right fore-fingers on their lips, and their forms developed beautiful, in vich last respect they had the adwantage over the gen'l'men, as wasn't allowed but wery little shoulder and terminated rather abrupt, in fancy drapery. He had also many hair-brushes and tooth-brushes bottled up in the winder, neat glass-cases on the counter, a floor-clothed cuttin' room up stairs, and a weighin' macheen in the shop, right opposite the door; but the great attraction and ornament wos the dummies, which this 'ere young hair-dresser was constantly a runnin' out in the road to look at, and constantly a runnin' in agin to touch up and polish; in short, he wos so proud on 'em that ven Sunday come, he wos always wretched and mis'rable to think they wos behind the shutters, and looked anxiously for Monday on that account. Vun o' these dummies wos a fav'rite vith him beyond the others, and ven any of his acquaintance asked him vy he did'nt get married—as the young ladies he know'd in partikler, often did—he used to say, 'Never! I never vill enter into the bonds of vedlock,' he says, 'until I meet with a young 'ooman as realises my idea o' that 'ere fairest dummy vith the light hair. Then, and not till then,' he says, 'vill I approach the altar!' All the young ladies he know'd as had got dark hair told him this wos very sinful, and that he wos wurshippin' a idle; but them as wos at all near the same shade as the dummy colored up wery much, and was observed to think him a wery nice young man."

"Samivel," said Mr. Weller gravely, "a member o' this associashun bein' one o' that 'ere tender sex which is now immediately referred to, I have to rekvest that you will make no reflexions."

"I ain't a makin' any, am I?" inquired Sam.

"Order, sir!" rejoined Mr. Weller, with severe dignity; then sinking the chairman in the father, he added in his usual tone of voice, "Samivel, drive on!"

Sam interchanged a smile with the housekeeper, and proceeded:

"The young hair-dresser had'nt been in the habit o' makin' this awowal above six months, ven he encountered a young lady as wos the wery picter o' the fairest dummy. 'Now,' he says, it's all up. I'm a slave!' The young lady wos not only the picter o' the fairest dummy, but she wos wery romantic as the young hair-dresser wos too; and he says, 'Oh!' he says, 'here's a community o' feelin'—here's a flow o' soul!' he says, 'here's a interchange o' sentiment!' The young lady did'nt say much o' course, but she expressed herself agreeable, and shortly arterwards vent to see him vith a mutual friend. The hair-dresser rushes out to meet her, but d'rectly she sees the dummies she changes color and falls a tremblin' wiolently. 'Look up, my love,' says the hair-dresser; 'behold your image in my winder, but not correcter than in my art!' 'My image!' she says. 'Your'n!' replies the hair-dresser. 'But whose image is that?' she says, a pinting at vun o' the gen'l'men. 'No vun's, my love,' he says, 'it's but a idea.' 'A idea!' says she; 'it's a portrait—I feel it's a portrait; and that 'ere noble face must be in the millingtary!' 'Wot do I hear?' says he, a crumplin' his curls. 'Villiam Gibbs,' she says, quite firm, 'never renew the subject. I respect you as a friend,' she says, 'but my affections is set upon that manly brow.' 'This,' says the hair-dresser, 'is a reg'lar blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate.—Farewell!' Vith these words he rushes into the shop, breaks the dummy's nose vith a blow of his curlin' irons, melts him down at the parlor fire, and and never smiles arterwards."

"The young lady, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"Vy, ma'am," said Sam, "finding that fate had a spite agin her and everybody she come into contact vith, she never smiled neither, but read a deal o' poetry and pined avay—by raythor slow degrees, for she aint dead yet. It took a deal

o' poetry to kill the hair-dresser, and some people say arter all that 'it was more the gin and water as caused him to be run over; p'raps it was a little o' both, and came o' mixing the two."

The barber declared that Mr. Weller had related one of the most interesting stories that had ever come within his knowledge, in which opinion the housekeeper entirely concurred.

"Are you a married man, sir?" inquired Sam.

The barber replied that he had not that honor.

"I s'pose you mean to be?" said Sam.

"Well," replied the barber, rubbing his hands smilingly, "I don't know, I don't think it's very likely."

"That's a bad sign, said Sam; "if you'd said you meant to be von o' these days, I should ha' looked upon you as bein' safe. You're in a very precarious state."

"I am not conscious of any danger, at all events," returned the barber.

"No more was I, sir," said the elder Mr. Weller, interposing, "those vere my symptoms exactly. I've been took that vay twice. Keep your vether eye open, my friend, or you're gone."

There was something so very solemn about this admonition, both in its matter and manner, and also in the way which Mr. Weller still kept his eyes fixed upon the unsuspecting victim, that nobody cared to speak for some little time, and might n't have cared to do so for some time longer, if the housekeeper had not happened to sigh, which called off the old gentleman's attention, and gave rise to a gallant inquiry whether "there was anythin' very piercin' in that 're little heart."

"Dear me, Mr. Weller!" said the housekeeper, laughing.

"No, but is there anythin' as agitates it?" pursued the old gentleman. "Has it always been obdurate, always opposed to the happiness o' human creeture? Eh? Has it?"

At this critical juncture for her blushes and confusion, the housekeeper discovered that more ale was wanted, and hastily withdrew into the cellar to draw the same followed by the barber, who insisted on carrying the candle. Having looked after her with a very complacent expression of face, and after him with some disdain, Mr. Weller caused his glance to travel slowly round the kitchen, until at length it rested on his son.

"Sammy," said Mr. Weller, "I mistrust that barber."

"Wot for?" returned Sam; "wot's he got to do with you. You're a nice man, you are, arter pretendin' all kinds o' terror, to go a payin' compliments and talkin' about hearts and piercers!"

"Was I a talkin' about hearts and piercers? was I, though, Sammy, eh?"

"Was you! of course you was."

"She do n't know no better, Sammy; there a'n't no harm in it, no danger, Sammy: she's only a punster. She seemed pleased, though, did n't she? O' course she was pleased; it's nat'ral she should be, wery nat'ral."

"He's wain of it!" exclaimed Sam, joining in his father's mirth—"he's actually wain!"

"Hush!" replied Mr. Weller, composing his features, "they're a comin' back. But mark those words o' mine once more, and remember 'em ven your father says he said 'em: Samivel, I mistrust that 'ere deceitful barber."

The Old Curiosity Shop Again.

Whether Mr. Quilp took any sleep by snatches of a few winks at a time or whether he sat with his eyes wide open all night long, certain it is that he kept his cigar alight, and kindled every fresh one from the ashes of that which was nearly consumed, without requiring the assistance of a candle.

Nor did the striking of the clocks, hour after hour, appear to inspire him with any sense of drowsiness or any natural desire to go to rest, but rather to increase his wakefulness, which he showed, at every such indication of the progress of the night, by a suppressed cackling in his throat, and a motion of his shoulders, like one who laughs heartily, but at the same time slyly and by stealth.

At length the day broke, and poor Mrs. Quilp, shivering with the cold of early morning, and harrassed by fatigue and want of sleep, was discovered sitting patiently on her chair, raising her eyes at intervals in mute appeal to the compassion and clemency of her lord, and gently reminding him by an occasional cough that she was still unpardoned, and that her penance had been of long duration.

But her dwarfish spouse still smoked his cigar and drank his rum without heeding her; and it was not until the sun had some time risen, and the activity and noise of city day were rife in the street, that he deigned to recognise her presence by any word or sign. He might not have done so even then, but for certain impatient tappings at the door, which seemed to denote that some pretty hard knuckles were actively engaged upon the other side.

"Why dear me!" he said looking round with a malicious grin, "it's day! Open the door, sweet Mrs. Quilp."

His obedient wife withdrew the bolt, and her lady mother entered.

Now Mrs. Jiniwin bounced into the room with great impetuosity, for supposing her son-in-law to be still a-bed, she had come to relieve her feelings by pronouncing a strong opinion upon his general conduct and character. Seeing that he was up and dressed, and that the room appeared to have been occupied ever since she quitted it on the previous evening, she stopped short in some embarrassment.

Nothing escaped the hawk's eye of the ugly little man, who perfectly understanding what passed in the old lady's mind, turned uglier still in the fullness of his satisfaction, and bade her good morning with a leer of triumph.

"Why Betsy," said the old woman, "you have n't been a—you do n't mean to say you've been a—"

"Sitting up all night!" said Quilp supplying the conclusion of the sentence. "Yes she has!"

"All night!" cried Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Aye, all night. Is the dear old lady deaf?" said Quilp, with a smile of which a frown was part. "Who says man and wife are bad company? Ha, ha! The time has flown."

"You're a brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Come, come," said Quilp, wilfully misunderstanding her, of course, "you must n't call her names. She's married now, you know. And though she did beguile the time and keep me from my bed, you must not be so tenderly careful of me as to be out of humor with her. Bless you for a dear old lady. "Here's your health!"

"I am much obliged to you," returned the old woman, testifying by a certain restlessness in her hands a vehement desire to shake her maternly fist at her son-in-law. "Oh! I'm very much obliged to you!"

"Grateful soul!" cried the dwarf. "Mrs. Quilp."

"Yes, Quilp," said the timid sufferer.

"Help your mother to get breakfast, Mrs. Quilp. I am going to the wharf this morning—the earlier the better—so be quick."

Mrs. Jiniwin made a faint demonstration of rebellion by sitting down in a chair near the door, and folding her arms as if in a resolute determination to do nothing. But a few whispered words from her daughter, and a kind inquiry from her son-in-law whether she felt faint, with a hint that there was abundance of cold water in the next apartment, routed these symptoms effectually, and she applied herself to the prescribed preparations with sullen diligence.

While they were in progress, Mr. Quilp withdrew to the adjoining room, and turning back his coat-collar, proceeded to smear his countenance with a damp towel of very unwholesome appearance, which made his complexion rather more cloudy than it was before. But while he was thus engaged, his caution and inquisitiveness did not forsake him, for with a face as sharp as ever he often stopped, even in that short process, and stood listening for any conversation in the next room, of which he might be the theme.

"Ah!" he said after a short effort of attention, "it was not the towel over my ears, I thought it wasn't. I'm a little hunchy villain and a monster, am I, Mrs. Jiniwin? Oh!"

The pleasure of this discovery called up the old dogtike smile in full force. When he had quite done with it, he shook himself in a very dog-like manner, and rejoined the ladies.

Mr. Quilp now walked up to the front of the looking-glass, and was standing, putting on his neckerchief, when Mrs. Jiniwin, happening to be behind him, could not resist the inclination she felt to shake her fist at her tyrant son-in-law. It was the gesture of an instant, but as she did so and accompanied the action with a menacing look, she met his eye in the glass, catching her in the very act. The same glance at the mirror conveyed to her the reflection of a horribly grotesque and distorted face with the tongue lolling out; and the next instant the dwarf, turning about with a perfectly bland and placid look, inquired in a tone of great affection,

"How are you now, my dear old darling?"

Slight and ridiculous as the incident was, it made him appear such a little fiend, and withal such a keen and knowing one, that the old woman felt too much afraid of him to utter a single word, and suffered herself to be led with extraordinary politeness to the breakfast table. Here he by no means diminished the impression he had just produced, for he ate hard eggs, shells and all, devoured gigantic prawns with the heads and tails on, chewed tobacco and water-cresses at the same time and with extraordinary greediness, drank boiling tea without winking, bit his fork and spoon till they bent again, and in short performed so many horrifying and uncommon acts that the women were nearly frightened out of their wits, and began to doubt if he were really a human creature. At last, having gone through these proceedings and many others which were equally a part of his system, Mr. Quilp left them reduced to a very obedient and humble state, and betook himself to the river side, where he took boat for the wharf on which he had bestowed his name.

It was flood tide when Daniel Quilp sat himself down in the wherry to cross to the opposite shore. A fleet of barges were coming lazily on, some sideways, some head first, some stern first; all in a wrong-headed, dogged, obstinate way, bumping up against the larger craft, running under the bows of steamboats, getting into every kind of nook and corner where they had no business, and being crunched on all sides like so many walnut shells; while each with its pair of long sweeps struggling and splashing in the water looked like some lumbering fish in pain. In some of the vessels at anchor all hands where busily engaged in coiling ropes, spreading out sails to dry, taking in or discharging their cargoes; in others no life was visible but two or three tarry boys, and perhaps a barking dog running to and fro upon the deck or scrambling up to look over the side and bark the louder for the view. Coming slowly on through the forests of masts was a great steam ship, beating the water in short, impatient strokes with her heavy paddles as though she wanted room to breathe, and advancing in her huge bulk like a sea monster among the minnows of the Thames.

On either hand were long black tiers of colliers; between them vessels slowly working out of harbor with sails glistening in the sun, and creaking noise on board, reechoed from a hundred quarters. The water and all upon it was in active motion, dancing and buoyant and bubbling up; while the old grey Tower and piles of building on the shore, with many a church-spire shooting up between, looked coldly on, and seemed to disdain their chafing, restless neighbor.

Daniel Quilp, who was not much affected by a bright morning, save in so far as it spared him the trouble of carrying an umbrella, caused himself to be put ashore hard by the wharf, and proceeded thither through a narrow lane which partaking of the amphibious character of its frequenters, had as much water as mud in its composition, and a very liberal supply of each. Arrived at his destination, the first object that presented itself to his view was a pair of very imperfectly shod feet, elevated in the air with the soles upward, which remarkable appearance was referable to the boy, who being of an eccentric spirit, and having a natural taste for tumbling, was now standing on his head and contemplating the aspect of the river under these uncommon circumstances. He was on his heels by the sound of his master's voice, and as soon as his head was in his right position, Mr. Quilp, to speak expressively in the absence of a better verb, "punched it" for him.

"Come, you let me alone," said the boy, parrying Quilp's hand with both his elbows alternately. "You'll get something you won't like if you don't, and so I tell you."

"You dog," snarled Quilp, "I'll beat you with an iron rod, I'll scratch you with a rusty nail, I'll pinch your eyes, if you talk to me—I will.

With these threats he clenched his hand again, and dexterously diving in between the elbows and catching the boy's head as it dodged from side to side, gave it three or four good hard knocks.—Having now carried his point and insisted on it, he left off.

"You won't do it again," said the boy, nodding his head and drawing back, with the elbows ready in case of the worst; "now—"

"Stand still, you dog," said Quilp. "I won't do it again, because I've done it as often as I want. Here. Take the key."

"Why don't you hit one of your size?" said the boy approaching very slowly.

"Where is there one of my size, you dog?" returned Quilp. "Take the key, or I'll brain you with it"—indeed he gave him a smart tap with the handle as he spoke. "Now open the counting-house."

The boy sulkily complied, muttering at first, but desisting when he looked round and saw that Quilp was following him with a steady look. And here it may be remarked, that between this boy and the dwarf there existed a strange kind of mutual liking. How born or bred, or how nourished upon blows and threats on one side, and retorts and defiances on the other, is not to the purpose. Quilp would certainly suffer nobody to contradict him but the boy, and the boy would assuredly not have submitted to be so knocked about by anybody but Quilp, when he had the power to run away at any time he chose.

"Now," said Quilp, passing into the wooden counting-house, "you mind the wharf. Stand upon your head again, and I'll cut one of your feet off."

The boy made no answer, but directly Quilp had shut himself in, stood on his head before the door, then walked on his hands to the back and stood on his head there, and then to the opposite side and repeated the performance. There were indeed four sides to the counting-house, but he avoided that one where the window was, deeming it probable that Quilp would be looking out of it. This was prudent, for in point of fact the dwarf, knowing his disposition, was lying in wait at a little distance from the cash armed with a large piece of wood, which, being rough and jagged and studded in many parts with broken nails, might possibly have hurt him.

It was a dirty little box, this counting-house, with nothing in it but an old rickety desk and two stools, a hat-peg, an ancient almanac, an ink-stand with no ink and the stump of one pen, and an eight-day clock which had n't gone for eighteen years at least and of which the minute-hand had been twisted off for a tooth-pick. Daniel Quilp pulled his hat over his brows, climbed on the desk (which had a flat top,) and stretching his short length upon it, went to sleep with the ease of an old practitioner; intending, no doubt, to compensate himself for the deprivation of last night's rest, by a long and sound nap.

Sound it might have been, but long it was not, for he had not been asleep a quarter of an hour when the boy opened the door and thrust in his head, which was like a bundle of badly-picked sakum. Quilp was a light sleeper and started up directly.

"Here's somebody for you," said the boy.

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"Ask!" said Quilp, seizing the trifle of wood before mentioned and throwing it at him with such dexterity that it was well the boy disappeared before it reached the spot on which he had stood. "Ask, you dog."

Not caring to venture within range of such missiles again, the boy discreetly sent in his stead the first cause of the interruption, who now presented herself at the door.

"What, Nelly?" cried Quilp.

"Yes,"—said the child, hesitating whether to enter or retreat, for the dwarf just roused, with his disheveled hair hanging all about him and a yellow handkerchief over his head, was something fearful to behold; "it's only me, sir."

"Come in," said Quilp, without getting off the desk. "Come in. Stay. Just look into the yard, and see whether there's a boy standing on his head."

"No sir," replied Nell. "He's on his feet."

"You're sure he is?" said Quilp. "Well—Now, come in and shut the door. What's your message Nelly?"

The child handed him a letter; Mr. Quilp without changing his position farther than to turn over a little more on his side and rest his chin on his hand, proceeded to make himself acquainted with its contents.

Saturday Evening Post.

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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1840.

The Day.

On this day, sixty-four years ago, the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed, amid crowds of anxious and yet rejoicing people. The venerable pile, from whose steps it was read, still raises its head in our midst, though all the prominent actors in that scene, and most even of the witnesses of it, are now cold in death. It was a day of fear to some, of doubt to others, but of stern resolve to all. The oppressions of the English King, the apathy of his people to our wrongs, and the attempt made by parliament to conquer us by force of arms, had roused up in the heart of our fathers, a determination to peril all, rather than bow to such tyranny. It was done. The immortal Declaration of Independence, was the first step in that drama, whose fame shall last into eternity itself.

What a spectacle must the morning of the Fourth of July 1776, have presented to our city. The news of the passage of the Declaration, had already spread, from mouth to mouth, with the rapidity of wild fire, and by early morning the inhabitants could be seen hurrying toward the State-House, to hear the Act proclaimed, while the tolling of the great bell of the Capitol, the eager questions of the crowd, and the mingled feelings depicted on the countenance of all, gave an excitement to the scene, no pen can describe.

Even many hearts that felt the justice of the act trembled at the consequences of it, and looked forward to a long and doubtful war perhaps only to end in ruin and slavery. Others, with firm step, and compressed lips, might be seen hastening to the general rendezvous, full of sanguine hopes as to the issue; while not a few curled the lip in scorn, or shock their heads pityingly at what they thought the rashness of the patriots. It was an eventful morning: a day of life and death to the actors in that scene; and little do we imagine, amid our present security, the feeling of doubt, suspense, agony, and yet determination, which ebbed and flowed in the bosoms of our forefathers. Did we think of it oftener, our celebration of the day, would be far more rational.

It was a long and gloomy contest which that morning ushered in. Who can read the annals of that age without feeling that the men of the revolution were patriots indeed? Whether in the council or on the battle field they met only difficulty and suffering. Yet they never grew disheartened. Defeated to-day, they rallied to-morrow. Disappointed in one negotiation, they sought relief in another. Nor was this spirit confined to the leaders. Through the sultry heat of summer, in the tempestuous snows of winter, over torrents swollen with mountain rains, amid the interminable pine wilderness of the south, our little army, often without tents, shoes, or even blankets followed the enemies of their country with a patriotism no difficulty could overwhelm, and a courage which no disparity of forces could destroy.

It seems indeed, as if the hand of Providence was discernible in those transactions; and that the best men of that day thought so, we have only to look to its records to learn. If such was the case then, how should it be now?

The noisy riotings, the empty huzzaings, the drunkenness, folly and debauchery with which this day is too often celebrated, is neither honorable to us as patriots, nor decent for us as men. We rejoice that, within the few last years, a more proper method of celebrating the day has been adopted.

New Publications.

THE CASKET *for July.*—A beautiful Mezzotint, by Sartain, expressly engraved for the Magazine, and illustrating a scene in a tale called "The Gipsy's Warning," opens the number. Of the merits of the Magazine, we cannot better speak than by copying the contents.

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The Gipsy's Warning, Illustrative of a beautiful Mezzotint Engraving—executed by Sartain, expressly for the Casket; The Dying Girl, by Henry B. Hirst; The Syrian Letters, Letter I. Concluded; Storming Stony Point; Indulgence; The Desert March, by J. E. Dow; Lines, by Catharine H. Waterman; Leaves from a Lawyer's Port-Folio, Number Seven, The Victim; The Disconsolate, by J. T. S. Sullivan; Popping the Question, by Jeremy Short; Hours There Were; The Fairy of Bannockdowndilly, by Teddy Mc Morley; Cruising in the Last War, No. XII, The Pirate's Hold; My Sister; Imilda De' Lambertazzi, A Romance of Italian History; The Night Whisper to the Lonely Heart, by the Prairie Bard; The Mendicant, A Nouvelette of the Days of Henri Quatre, by J. L. Fortescue; The One Far Away; Oh! Cast that Shadow from thy Brow, A Favorite Ballad, Arranged with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte; Review of New Books.

THE LADY'S BOOK, *for July.*—This excellent periodical has been on our table for some days.—It maintains, and even increases the high reputation of the work. It is rarely that we have seen in a Magazine, a steel engraving superior to the view of Constantinople, published in this number. The plate of fashions for this month is uncolored.

The contributions, as usual, are good; as what would not be with the names of Sigourney, Dow, and others attached to them. Mr. Godey is determined to be outdone, by no Magazine of like character.

COMBE ON INFANCY.—*Edited by J. Bell, M. D. Carey & Hart—Philada.*—A very valuable treatise on a practical subject. It is divided into chapters, under convenient titles, and is finished with a supplementary treatise by the Editor. The whole course of treatment proper for an infant is discussed, and a vast quantity of valuable information afforded. The work is got up in good style, and forms a neat volume of three hundred pages. It should be in the hands of every mother, to say nothing of physicians.

Devonshire Cattle.

Every effort made to improve the stock of cattle in our country should meet with the unqualified praise of all. We are gratified to learn that H. N. Washburn, Esq. is making efforts to do this in the western part of the State of N. York, and has lately purchased of Geo. Patterson, Esq. of Maryland, two Devonshire cows and one calf for that purpose. We speak advisedly when we say that there are few finer animals in the country.

The New York Mirror.

The eighteenth volume of this valuable periodical has just commenced. The first number appeared last Saturday, and is adorned with a beautiful vignette and title page, and a likeness of the editor G. P. Norris, Esq. finely engraved on steel, by Parker, from a painting by Inman.

Sweeping.

The country, in every direction around our city, is now yellow with the ripening harvest; and in many instances the sickle is already at work, and long lines of graceful reapers may be seen, cradling the bending grain. A still heat hangs over the sultry fields at noon day; scarcely a breath of air stirs the motionless leaves upon the trees; and the cattle stand idly ruminating in the shade, or whisking their tails carelessly by some limpid brook. It is the height of summer. The spring, with its early flowers, has past; and the harvest, with its merry laborers and loads of treasure, is here.

So far as we can learn from our contemporaries, the crops of the present season, throughout the Union, will generally be good. The labor of the husbandmen has not been spent in vain. A rich reward crowns all his efforts. In the vallies and on the hill sides, by the streamlet, and on the plains along the garden of Connecticut, around the lakes of New York, in the rich inland counties of Pennsylvania, on the wide fields and green meadow lands of the Western Valley, in short, wherever human labor has been expended, or the dews and rains of a bounteous Providence have fallen, there has sprung up a harvest at which even the most discontented, cannot murmur. Amid the distresses of our country, a remedy has been afforded us by Nature herself. By giving us a bounteous harvest for our labor, instead of visiting us with a drought, she has placed in our hands the means of reinvigorating our exhausted country.

After all that may be said in favor of a city life, we question whether in happiness to the individual, and real utility to the State, it may, a moment, be compared with one spent in the country. There is a quiet, a want of excitement, and perhaps—if it must be said—a monotony in it which is a certain cause of contentment; for, after all, it is not so much the existence of active pleasure, as it is the absence of sorrow, which produces happiness. The king on the throne; the chief at the head of a victorious army; the statesman thundering in a triumphant debate; even the more quiet author emulous of fame, do not enjoy more, or we might well say so much, real happiness as the humbler occupant of some quiet little farm, who lives daily in the open fields, drinks the pure air of heaven at every breath, is subject to few of the harassing excitements of a city life, looks with almost certainty to the yearly gains of his labor, and at last lies down to die at the end of a life spent in quietude and contentment, and which has been like the flowing of his own stream, gentle, calm, yet ever onward.

False views of life, we admit, however, might easily be inculcated, by maintaining that a country life is happiest for all. It is not so. There are some men of quick, versatile, mercurial dispositions—others of scheming, venturous, grasping minds, all whom must live in the turmoil of life, and mingle in the wrangling of a crowd, if they would enjoy existence. And it is well that it is so. Civilized life demands, that as its requirements are various, so its members should not all delight in like pursuits, yet we can never look upon the calmness of an agricultural, and the noisy bustle of a city life, without thinking with the poet Cowper, that

"God made the country, but man made the town."

Whatever may be said of narrow minded men, moreover, this country is destined to be an agricultural one. No one can take down the map, and examine its geographical situation, without coming to the conclusion, that the countless millions of acres, contained within its mighty boundaries are destined to yield to the plough, and that the ports upon the coast, and the vast rivers intersecting it like arteries, are intended by a bounteous Providence to open an outlet for the products of the soil. We rejoice in this. We oppose neither commerce nor manufacturers; we exult, on the contrary, in both; but we look upon agriculture, as the true secret for ensuring to us, or to any people prosperity, stability, and above all, happiness.

Two Cold Buckwheat Cakes.

There are many would-be philanthropists in this world whose benevolence is of that peculiar kind, which is seldom of benefit to anybody but themselves. A sympathetic heart is a good thing; we might as our friend of the Gazette would say, go further, and call it a very good thing; but our knowledge of anatomy does not inform us of the existence of a nerve extending from the heart, and communicating with the pocket, and hence that kind of sympathy which merely awakes a charitable feeling in the one, and not in the other region, alluded to, though it may serve as a capital basis for many beautiful remarks, and consolatory reflections, is not exactly the kind of thing which is calculated to ameliorate the pecuniary ills of our fellow men. It is doubtless gratifying to a man absolutely in want of the necessaries of life to hear how many noble souls have been similarly situated before him; to hear the remedial effects of abstinence extolled; to have himself encouraged by cheerful hopes coaxed up like dim ghosts in perspective; and to listen to sage advice as to the avoidance of future evils, and the general folly of indulging in regrets for those which have passed too far down into the vale of antiquity to be amended: all this is no doubt extremely pleasant, but if hunger and appetite be present, a single note by way of comment, that would pass at the baker's or the butcher's, would have a more exhilerating effect upon its recipient, than whole acres of eloquence though Demosthenes himself were the deliverer.

And yet, how many are there ready and willing, at the call of the distressed, to administer any thing but money! They will expend hours of their time; they will run hither and thither seeking for those who may be charitably disposed to cooperate with them; they will squander any quantity of words, expressive of their sympathy or regret; they will even get up meetings, and expatiate elaborately upon the source of human misfortunes, and propose measures for the immediate alleviation of ordinary ills (particularly if their names, their acts, their speeches, be announced and handsomely commented upon in the newspapers; but that is the full extent of their exertions—they cannot spare a single dollar towards effecting a general or particular good. We recollect of a person of this class once, who was busily engaged in seeking out objects of useful charity. He inquired at one place where he had contributed a little advice, if there were any more indigent people in the house. Being answered in the affirmative, he sought out a poor woman, living in a little garret half-starved, with two sick children, and not a solitary thing visible in the way of comfort, sustenance, or for the support of life. He was affected to tears, and after the bestowal of many kind words and generous advice, requested the poor woman to call at his house next day, when he would do something to relieve her evident distress.—The poor woman called next morning punctual to the times her heart big with hope, and her tongue full of the words of gratitude—and what do you think reader she received? *Two cold buckwheat cakes!*

A Bankrupt Nation.

The national debt of Great Britain is *eight hundred millions* of pounds sterling! It is with great difficulty she can make out to pay the interest on this enormous sum, and as to the principal, its liquidation is a thing of course beyond imagination. This is certainly a pretty state of things, taking a common sense view of the matter; and yet, undismayed by it, that nation is absolutely increasing annually the weight of this incubus upon the energies and prosperity of her people. On looking over the English papers, we note that the government expenditures for the year ending April, 1839, exceeded the income realized by about two millions of dollars! This is one year is astonishing; but the succeeding year displays a still more amazing hiatus. The income for the year ending last April, was ten millions of dollars short of the sum of expenditures! The total loss in three years was about fifteen millions of dollars! This is so extraordinary a fact, that some may be inclined to doubt it, but it is based on government documents, and is unquestionably correct. To all appearances the current year will be a still worse one for the British finances; and one writer who appears exceedingly conversant with the subject, avers that ere the close of 1841, the deficiency will amount to double the sum last mentioned, or about thirty millions of dollars—all in the brief pace of four years! The next question is, as it is not, proposed to merge this deficit in the national debt, how is this immense amount to be paid, and how are the funds to be provided annually, to prevent its continual increase! Taxation, we presume, must be resorted to, and as the country is pretty well taxed already, either the objects already taxed, must be additionally burthened, and as no trifling extent, or a wonderful degree of ingenuity will have to be exercised, to discover something not yet taxed, for the possession or use of which, the government may demand a heavy tribute. How long will the people of Great Britain stand this gradual accumulation of taxes? The Chartists are not yet put down. They are silently at work fomenting discord: will they not take advantage of the facts we have pictured to point out and urge the necessity of a revolution? Will not the imposition of additional taxes made necessary by the enormous increase of annual debt, be itself the mean of alarm? Or will the people of Great Britain accustomed to suffer, silently submit, and quietly starve that they may live under the extravagant rule of a giddy Queen, and a Prince exhibiting all the overwhelming elegance and luxuriousness of a foreign upstart?

Great Fire at Penn Yan.

The Syracuse Signal contains an account of a very destructive fire which occurred at Penn Yan, Yates county, on the night of the 23d inst. It commenced in the third story of Alva Clark's hardware store, where a forge was used for soldering; and before its ravages were stayed, destroyed the whole business part of the village. The probable loss, all told, is supposed to be nearly $80,000. The following are persons who suffered:

The heirs of S. Rice, store house, loss $10,000; no insurance. Wise & Dunsbury, grocery store, loss $3000; insurance $1500. L. B. Mosdeville, hat store, loss $2000; small insurance. E. W. Fogg, grocery store; insurance covers the loss on the goods. N. T. Madden, grocery; insurance covers the loss on the goods. J. F. Williams, dry goods store, loss $5000; insurance $4000. E. Sheldon, grocery, loss $2000; no insurance. A. Tuells, grocery, loss $3000; insurance $1600. A. Clark, hardware store, loss $10,000; insurance about $4000. J. J. Rosinbury, dry goods, loss about $8000; insurance $6000. J. McVey, dry goods, loss $3000; no insurance. D. S. March, dry goods, loss $5000; insurance $2400. Smith & Stark, dry goods, loss $6000; insurance not known. Stewart & Tunnicliff, dry goods, loss $10,000; insurance $4000. Morgan & Armstrong, hardware store, loss $14,000; insurance $4000. Huntington & Crane, boot and shoe store loss about $5000; insurance not known. Ayres & Dunning, watch and jewellery store, loss $2000; no insurance. Farmers' Bank of Penn Yan, every thing was saved except a few fixtures, loss but a trifle. A. C. Gillett, merchant tailor, loss $1000; insurance not known.

Ancient Concerts.

Caradori Allan, gained new laurels lately at the ancient concerts, at which the Queen and Prince Albert, and that accomplished patron of the society, Lord Burgersh, were present.—(*New York Star.*

As perhaps many of our readers do not know what the "*ancient concerts*" are, we will explain. They are concerts given in London of the most exclusive and aristocratic kind. The rooms appropriated to the purpose, are in an old fashioned Gothic looking building, with stained-glass windows. Twelve concerts are given in a season, each of which is directed by one of the nobility—nothing less than a prince of the blood royal, or a peer of the realm, being eligible to a directorship. None are admitted beneath a certain rank, and hence the audiences are ever of the *haut ton*.—Applause is generally exhibited, by repeated taps upon the little book of the performances with which each auditor is provided. It is considered quite an honor for a singer to be enrolled even in the choruses of the "ancient concerts." We mention these things merely to show what an extravagant degree of refinement is necessarily affected by those, who, possessing perhaps nothing besides their title and opulence to give them a reputation, would fain convince the world they are made of more delicate materials than their neighbors.

MORE INSANITY AND SUICIDE.—On Friday, a man named Wm. L. Husted, cut his throat in New York. He was a native of Connecticut. He had a wife and four children, was formerly a respectable grocer, but become insane some two years ago. Last summer a year, and last summer he was confined in the lunatic asylum, but becoming better each autumn, was taken home. The present summer, although insane, he was so quiet and peaceable, that he was kept at home. On Friday morning he rose early, and went into the cellar kitchen, his boots in his hand. Soon after strange sounds were heard, and a Miss Pennoyer, who boarded in the house, going down, returned, saying there were such strange sounds in the kitchen, that she durst not go there. Miss Weed, the sister of Mrs. H. then went into the kitchen, and found Mr. H. lying on his side on the hearth, with his throat terribly cut from ear to ear, the blood flowing copiously—and a razor lying on the hearth near him. He appeared to be sensible, but could not speak, and pointed significantly at the razor, intimating that he had done the deed himself. He died in 12 or 15 minutes afterwards.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.—On Saturday night between 11 and 12 o'clock, a crowd was collected at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut street, and an outcry was made that aroused the neighborhood. It appeared, from what we could learn, that the famous Master Diamond, the negro dancer and his friends, formed one party, and the man who claims him as his master, and has been exhibiting him all over the Union, and pocketing the proceeds of his natural talents, was the other. The man had Diamond by the arm so tight, that he cried out not to kill him, while the fellow loudly swore that he would have him dead or alive. Diamond's friends said they were determined to see justice done, as they did not believe, and the boy asserted, that he was not his master. In the midst of the noise, the watchman came to the scene, and Diamond instantly put himself under that officer's care. His so-distant master in the meantime, was being held uncomfortably by George H who held him to the throat, a la bull-dog. He let him go however, when he saw it was out of his power to harm Master Diamond.

The fellow who claims Diamond, is the same one who exhibited Jolie Hoch as over 100 years of age, and made so much money by the humbug.

NATIONAL AGGRESSION.—We learn from Captain Burch, of the schr Globe, from St. John, Porto Rico, that an American citizen was imprisoned by the Spanish authorities. The brig Virginia, Capt. Bethel, of Jacksonville, Florida, was laying at St. John, P. R. While the mate, as usual, was taking account of the cargo, as it was passed over the gang-way, the tide-waiter, who had attended the vessel during the time of her discharging, suddenly stopped up to him, and took hold of him by the collar with some violence. The mate repulsed him slightly, the tide-waiter, in a rage, got hold of the cook's axe, and was making a violent blow, when the cook caught the axe, the mate fell on him and gave him a flogging, but made use of no weapon. The day following, the depositions of the crew were taken relative to the case. On the 6th of June, the authorities sent and took the mate from the vessel, and put him in prison, where he remained when the Globe sailed the 12th of June.

THE BOSTON PRINTERS' FESTIVAL.—It was celebrated in the proper way in Boston, and was not, as here, gotten up so exclusively by one set of people, that many others felt indisposed to attend. Our procession might have been ten times as large if the newspapers had been invited, as in Boston, to suspend publication for one day, and their hands had turned out to assist in the general celebration. In Boston the anniversary was kept by the Printers, and professors of the kindred arts and trades—the Booksellers, Bookbinders, Type-founders, Paper-makers, &c.—Most of the offices, stores, warehouses and shops, devoted to these trades, were closed, and the ordinary avocations were suspended. Just the course that should have been pursued here, but for some reason or other was not. What an army our Philadelphia printers would have made!

GROUND TO DEATH.—The New York Sun says—"Another victim was ground to death on Wednesday, at the junction of the Hudson and Mohawk railroad, Albany. His name was Philip Coyle, and he is supposed to have been intoxicated, and to have fallen across the track and gone to sleep. The train of cars was within a few feet of him when he was discovered, and the whole train passed rapidly over him before it could be stopped. The corpse was shockingly mangled; the neck and head were ground to a pulp, all but half of the top of the skull, which was entirely separated from the integuments, and thrown two feet, the body, the arms were broken in several places, and the flesh and bones of one of them ground to stone, one leg was separated just below the knee, and carried ten feet from him, and the nose and part of the skin of the forehead was all that could be recognized of the face.

TORNADO.—The following abstract from a letter of a friend on Long Island, near Port Penn, Delaware, to a gentleman in this city, dated June 22, 1840, will be read with interest:

"On Thursday, 18th inst., this place was visited with a violent hurricane, accompanied with hail unprecedented with us. Trees are torn up by the roots, fields of wheat, rye and oats are laid waste, cattle and horses have been driven before the tempest, to the creeks and ditches, some drowned; a wagon, and two horses attached, blown off the wharf; a barn blown down across a creek, killing two horses; a grove of some 50 large oaks, opposite my place, are all torn up excepting about 12; my garden I prized so highly, a perfect devastation; I have set men to cut off with knifes my corn, which is broken and bruised, in the hope of its recovering; also, mowers at the wheat, oats and rye, that is broken down.

"The country lower down is a perfect waste, the storm came over from the Chesapeake Bay, carrying destruction in its way for five miles in width to this section, and extending down the country."

FRACTURED ITS HEAD.—A child of Mr. Ramsey, in James street, fractured its head by a fall on Thursday last. It is now in a fair way of recovery.

City News.

CONSIDERABLE INQUIRY.—On Tuesday morning the coroner held an inquest on the body of a young man known by the name of Sam, who came to his death from the sinking of the sloop Catharine Bay, in the Delaware, near Pine street wharf. Verdict accordingly.

ANOTHER.—On the morning of Tuesday, the coroner held an inquest on the body of a negro woman, named Elizu Draper, who was found dead in a lot between 3d and 4th streets, below Carpenter. Verdict, death from habitual intemperance.

AND ANOTHER.—On Tuesday afternoon the coroner held an inquest in Callowhill street, near Fairmount, on the body of a young man named Patrick Brogan, who came to his death from the blasting of a rock in the neighborhood. A piece of stone from a blast struck the deceased on the head, and fractured his skull. Verdict accordingly.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—A man named Bernard Duffy, who is employed in some capacity at the Navy Yard, was sued on Wednesday morning before Alderman Johnson, of Southwark, by Henry Scott, the assistant marshal appointed to take the census of the Fifth Ward, Southwark, for the penalty under the Act of Congress for refusing to answer the necessary questions which all the marshals are legally authorised and required to propound. The Alderman gave judgment for $20, the amount of the penalty. The case was one of a very aggravated nature. The marshal was not only refused answers to his questions, but treated contemptuously and personally abused by both the defendant and his wife, who allowed her tongue all the latitude imaginable. Our readers who have not yet been waited upon by the marshal of the ward in which they reside, should consider the above an important caution, and let it operate as such. It is perfect folly to resist, impede, or in any way interfere with the officers in the execution of their duty.

IMPUDENT THEFT.—Between 7 and 8 o'clock on Thursday morning, a colored man named J. Washington, entered the grocery store of Wm. V. Anderson, Nos. 21 and 23 North Water street, and deliberately took up a box of tea which he immediately made off with. One of the clerks in the store pursued and succeeded in arresting him. He was then delivered into the custody of High Constable W. H. Blayney, taken before Alderman Hay, and fully committed to answer at the next Court of General Sessions. When he discovered that he was pursued by the clerk, he dropped the tea. He was in company with another colored man who escaped.

ROBBERY.—The Drug Store of Dr. T. B. Stratford, in Sixth below Catharine street, was entered on Tuesday night, and robbed. They got in through the cellar by the yard, and went up into the back room, and drew out the drawers of a secretary under the impression that it contained money, but discovering nothing but children's clothes, they went into the store. In a drawer which they there examined they found a case of tooth instruments, which they threw upon the counter, but mistaking a case of surgical instruments for a pocket book with money in it, they carried the latter off.

CAUTION TO SEGAR SMOKERS.—Wednesday morning a young man named Joseph Brooks was brought before Alderman Mitchell, by Constable Moody, and fined $2 and costs for smoking a segar in High street market during market hours. We hope that this will operate as a caution to segar smokers not to smoke in the markets early in the morning, when the wives and daughters of our citizens are making their purchases for the day. No woman, however humble her situation in life, likes to be saluted with a volley of segar smoke.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—Tom Edwards, one of the row master generals of the city and districts, who some two or three weeks ago committed a violent assault and battery on one of the watchmen of the North Eastern Division, named Banks, while the latter was in the discharge of his duty, and who has managed ever since to elude the vigilance of the police, was caught on Friday afternoon by High Constable Murphy. On Saturday morning he was brought before the Recorder, and bound over in $200 to answer at the next General Sessions.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—This institute will celebrate the 64th national anniversary in the Bricklayer's Hall, No. 2, corner Thirteenth and Race streets, when a couple of addresses will be delivered by a member of the institute, and the Declaration of Independence will be read. A banner will also be exhibited, just finished, presented to them by Miss Farrell. It is a beautiful one of black cloth with a wreath upon it of rule work.

TAKING ILLEGAL FEES.—On Thursday afternoon, Alderman Griscom appeared before Alderman Binns, by his counsel D. P. Brown, Esq., to answer to the charge of taking illegal fees in a case which came before him about a fortnight since. Mr. Brown took an objection on the ground of informality of notice. Alderman Binns deferred his decision until Tuesday next. Alderman Griscom since the hearing of the case before him offered to return the amount taken above the legal fee. H. M. Phillips, Esq., appeared for the prosecutor, James Murray.

ALDERMAN GRISCOM.—The case of Alderman Griscom, charged with receiving illegal fees, came before Alderman Binns again on Tuesday afternoon. After a hearing, Alderman Binns dismissed the case on the ground that Alderman Griscom had not been notified according to the act of assembly. We understand that the prosecutor in the case, Mr. Murray, will proceed immediately to notify the defendant legally, and at the expiration of the time specified, will sue for the penalty, which is $50.

SUING A BANK.—A suit was brought against the Commercial Bank of this city, on Wednesday, by a man named William Rogers, for refusing to give him $100 in specie, for the same amount in notes. Rogers was non-suited, not being able to prove by a witness that he demanded the specie at the counter of the bank. The case was heard before Alderman Mitchell.

CORONER'S INQUESTS.—On Wednesday afternoon, the Coroner held an inquest at the Point House, on the body of a boy named George Emerick, who was drowned at Arch street wharf about a week since. Verdict—Found drowned.

ANOTHER.—On Thursday afternoon, the Coroner held an inquest in Middle alley, on the body of a colored infant four months old, named Pascal, who died for want of medical treatment. Verdict accordingly.

ACCIDENT.—Wednesday evening about 8 o'clock, as the steamboat that was employed to convey the ebbers of the Reed and Carpenter street schools, of Southwark, had come to at Almond street wharf, she was run into by a vessel, and two of the scholars, a Wilson Derrick and the son of Samuel Reckless were somewhat, but not seriously injured.

RECOGNISE.—A man named John Harkins who met with an accident on board the ship Champlain, from Londonderry, on Tuesday, and was taken to the Hospital, was arrested from there on Wednesday, by Jas O'Neil, United States Deputy Marshal, and taken to Moyamensing, on a charge of smuggling a quantity of goods.

HEWING DOWN A DOOR.—On Wednesday we saw a fellow in St. Mary street below Seventh, engaged with an axe in actually hewing down the door of a house that had been fastened upon him. He appeared to be in a violent rage. There was quite a mob of blacks and whites around him, but no officers near.

OFFICIAL CONSPIRACY.—Alderman McCall, of the 4th Ward, Southwark, on Wednesday afternoon sued Alderman Johnson, of the First Ward, and Constable McGinnis, of the Second Ward, for conspiracy to injure him in his business. The warrant was issued by Alderman Hoffner, of Moyamensing.

FALSE ARREST.—Alderman McCall of the Fourth ward, Southwark, and a deputy constable of the same ward, named Ratcliff, were sued Wednesday afternoon by Constable McGinnis of the Second ward, before Alderman Johnson of the First ward, for false arrest.

DEFRAYITY.—Alderman Johnson, of Southwark, issued a warrant on Monday evening for a man named David Forrest, who is charged with one of the most disgusting and unnatural of crimes! The police of the district were yesterday on the look out for him.

ACCIDENT.—A little boy, named Rehn, had one of his legs badly fractured in two places on Tuesday evening, in the neighborhood of Front and Pegg streets, Northern Liberties, by the falling upon him of a pile of lumber.

THE WEATHER.—Tuesday was the hottest day we have experienced this season. There was very little air stirring, and the sun seemed determined to show us what he could do when in the humor.

STEALING CHICKENS.—On Wednesday morning, Alderman Hoffner, of Moyamensing, committed a man named John Wilson, for stealing six chickens.

LOOK OUT.—A dog died of hydrophobia on Tuesday in a carpenter shop in Brown street, Northern Liberties.

WHAT'S A MATTER?—The Alderman and Constables of the different wards of Southwark, are at complete loggerheads with each other. Some of them are probably savage. Who's to blame, we do not pretend to say. The following, however, transpired in the district on Monday afternoon:—A Deputy Constable of the Fourth Ward, was brought before Alderman Johnson, of the First Ward, and held to bail in $200 for once dropping about the premises of a Mrs. Smith, in Plumb street, and in the same amount for committing an assault and battery upon the same lady. Constable McGinnis, of the Second Ward, was held to bail by Alderman McCall, of the Fourth Ward, for an assault and battery upon Samuel Ratcliff, the Deputy Constable named above, and also had a writ served upon him, for calling Alderman McCall a thief in his own office, and was put under bail of $1000.

ACCIDENT.—A sailor named Ryan, was brought to the Hospital by some watchman on Monday night, with one of the arteries of his right hand cut severely. He was laboring under a state of mania a potu.

ANOTHER.—A little boy, about 13 years of age, an entire stranger in the city, who had just come from somewhere on the Reading railroad, where he had been working, was very badly hurt on Tuesday afternoon, on the "city nuisance," by being jammed between the burthen case, which came in collision. The accident occurred at the turn, corner of Market and 3d streets. The boy was taken into the family of Alderman Bruner, who was accidentally made acquainted with his situation; where every possible attention was paid him.

ALL FOR LOVE.—Mr. Monnier, the young man who a few days ago killed himself in this city at *la Françoise*, by burning charcoal in his room, was induced to do it, in consequence of want of success in an affair of the heart. He was a very handsome fellow, and yet the girl he loved, after listening to his attentions awhile, jilted him, and expressed a fondness for another. In despair at her heartlessness, he resolved on suicide, and died as we have narrated. We might append a wholesome admonition against coquetry, to this statement, but the ladies would not heed it, and gentlemen do not need it, so we drop the subject.

FORGERY.—On Tuesday morning, the Recorder committed in default of $500 bail, a suspicious looking character, who gave his name as that of James Ferney, for attempting to pass an order forged in the name of Nicholas Biddle, Esq. for a specified number of theatre tickets, at the pit ticket office of the Chestnut St. Theatre, on Monday evening, the occasion of Fanny Elsler's benefit. He was arrested by officer Crawford. Upon searching him at the watchhouse shortly after his arrest, a number of other forged orders, all for theatre tickets, were found upon his person.

DISORDERLY HOUSES.—On Friday quite a dispersion was made of the keepers of the disorderly houses, that have so long disgraced the neighborhood of Willow and New Market street, Northern Liberties. Numbers were required to abate the nuisance by moving their quarters, and two of the most notorious, named Susan Bruce, alias Stone and Rebecca Diverson, were taken before Alderman Laws, and held to bail in $200 each, to answer at the next General Sessions.

TEMPERANCE—CATHOLICS.—The meeting at St. John's Church, 13th street, on Sunday afternoon, after vespers, in favor of the Temperance cause, was numerously attended. The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Gartland, read the letter of the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, after which he delivered a short and appropriate address, and above a thousand persons came forward, and took the Temperance pledge. We learn that similar meetings were held at all the Catholic churches in the city and county, with similar success.

NEW SCHUYLKILL BRIDGE.—The inquirer says, that the County Commissioners have contracted with Mr. Andrew Young, of Manayunk, for the erection of a new Suspension Bridge over the Schuylkill, at Callowhill street. The bridge will rest on four piers, and be commenced forthwith. Mr. Young is an able and experienced architect. He is now connected with the Croton Water Works, New York, and has a very high reputation as a bridge-builder.

INSANITY.—There are at present in the insane department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, one hundred patients. About one half the number are females. But few of the patients, it is said, are troublesome. Most of them appear to be affected with a settled melancholy, and are remarkably mild and quiet in their general demeanor. At any sudden or extraordinary change of the weather, however, some of them become very violent and unruly.

THE WINNING BOAT.—On Thursday afternoon, the splendid silver pitcher, given by Mr. Foreman, of Gloucester Point, was presented to the crew of the Ariel, she being the winning boat at the Regatta on Wednesday last. After the presentation, the pitcher was fastened to the bow of the boat, and the "gentle Ariel" walled by a Southern breeze passed by the city triumphantly.

CITY COUNCILS.—On Thursday evening, Councils passed a resolution, to pay in specie or its equivalent, the interest on the city debt now due or to become due. Mr. Wm. B. Smith was unanimously elected a member of the Board of Health in the place of Mr. Wm. Welsh, resigned. Several ordinances and resolutions were passed and adopted.

A DOG CATCHER IN TROUBLE.—On Thursday evening, a dog catcher named John Corston was committed by Alderman Redman upon a charge of entering the yard of a colored man named Cesar Rodney, and forcibly carrying away a valuable dog belonging to the latter, contrary to ordinance. The case appeared to be clearly one of larceny.

STEALING BUCKETS.—A colored man named David Green, an old convict, was on Friday fully committed by Alderman Hoffner, of Moyamensing, upon a charge of stealing two large earth buckets, the property of some person unknown. The buckets are at the Alderman's office, No. 221 1-2 south Sixth street, where they can be seen.

CENSUS OF WALNUT WARD.—There are by the census, at the present time, 2,405 persons in Walnut ward, viz.—1,027 white males, and 1,042 white females; 112 colored males, and 217 females. Of these there are 375 males over 20 years of age—about 25 of which are under age, and 100 slaves, making about 450 voters.

TREES IN THE STREETS.—A correspondent of the U. S. Gazette suggests the propriety of authorizing Councils to cause trees to be planted along the north curb of every street in the city running east and west, and on both sides of the streets running north and south, wherever the owner did not erect an awning.

A DISORDERLY HOUSE.—On Monday afternoon, a man named Charles Smith, who resides in Plumb street, Southwark was held to bail in $500 by Alderman McCall for keeping a disorderly house. The wife of the defendant was likewise held to bail at the same time, in the same amount, and for the same offence.

BURGLARY.—The house south-west corner of Chester and Maple streets, was entered on Thursday night and robbed of one dozen and a half silver tea spoons marked "A. A." three spoons marked "S. W." Mosselholden maker, two silver pearl vases, and a variety of male and female wearing apparel.

BURGLARY.—The store of Henry Ormsby, watchmaker, No. 366 North Second street, was entered on Sunday night and extensively robbed of watches, spectacles, silver spoons, gold finger rings, gold ear rings, breast pins, &c. It is not known how the burglars effected their entrance.

LARCENY AND MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.—Alderman Mitchell bound over a man named William Houston on Monday evening in the sum of $400 upon a charge of larceny and malicious mischief. The case was an aggravated one.

A CAUTION.—A number of the bad boys of the district have been found over within the last few days by Alderman Manderfield of Southwark, for throwing stones, breaking windows, and other acts of malicious mischief.

RECEIVING STOLEN GOODS.—On Friday morning a colored man, named Isaac Cooper, the keeper of an old clothes cellar in Second street, was brought before the Mayor upon a charge of receiving stolen goods. He was required to enter into a recognizance of $200.

KIDNAPPING.—A colored woman, named Betsey Miller, was held to bail on Tuesday afternoon by Alderman Binns, for stealing a little colored boy, named Henry Stewart, and selling him to a man in Delaware for $60.

BEATING HIS WIFE.—A man named Andrew Daugherty was held to bail on Friday morning by the Recorder in $200 to answer at the next General Sessions the charge of beating his wife.

VISITERS.—Gov. McCall, of Florida, and the Hon. H. A. Wise, the latter of whom is about to be united to the daughter of J. Sergeant, Esq. are in this city.

LARCENY.—A young man named Robert Callen was bound over on Monday by Alderman Manderfield, of Southwark, upon a charge of larceny.

A PICKPOCKET AT LARGE.—Early on Saturday morning, a colored man abstracted from the pocket of a gentleman on board the steamboat Robert Morris, at Chestnut street wharf, $75. The same fellow on Friday afternoon, played a similar trick to the tune of $50 upon a gentleman at the Willow street railroad depot. He is still at large. The police were in hot pursuit of him on Saturday.

ANOTHER.—A gentleman while paying his passage at the ticket office of the steamboat New Philadelphia on Saturday morning, previous to her starting for Bordentown, had about $100 abstracted from his pocket book as he was returning it into his coat pocket. The dexterous thief was seen by a news-boy, but managed to effect his escape through the crowd. His description, by the boy, answers to that of Stevenson who was committed last week by Mayor Conrad, for picking a pocket at the railroad depot, corner of Third and Willow street, and was afterwards admitted to $500 bail. Officer Delany has been on the look out for his ever since.

A CAUTION.—Richard Coleton, one of the rooms who nightly infest Franklin square, to the serious annoyance of respectable and well behaved citizens was brought before Alderman Mitchell on Saturday evening, and charged on oath of Jonathan Sutton and John McKeen, officers of the Square, with using the fine language in the presence of ladies and others for which he was fined $2, and costs.

A YOUNG OFFENDER.—A little colored boy named Joseph Sipple, apparently not more than five or six years of age, was brought before the Mayor on Saturday morning, charged with stealing one dollar in specie from the till of the Merchant Tailor store of Joseph Ridgeway, No. 70 Chestnut street. He was detained.

DISGRACEFUL.—There was quite a disgraceful fight on Sunday afternoon in Pine street, just opposite the Pennsylvania Hospital. The combatants were all young persons. Whites and blacks both participated. The police were not to be found at the time of the occurrence.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The Coroner held an inquest on Sunday morning, upon the body of a man, named known, who was found drunk in the street on the night previous, and taken to the Southwark watchhouse, where he died. Verdict of the jury—Death from intemperance and exposure.

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.—Two respectable persons from Philadelphia, were arrested at Camden on Saturday, on suspicion of being concerned in the forgery at Dr. Harris' house last week. They were bailed out by some persons present who knew them.

AN INSANE THIEF.—On Saturday morning a man named Jacob Dale, was brought before the Recorder upon a charge of stealing two cream jugs. He was committed to Moyamensing, thence to be removed to the Alms-house, being evidently deranged.

Proceedings of Congress

Twenty-sixth Congress—First Session.

June 24, 1840.

After unimportant business, Mr. Allen of Ohio, was got the floor at the adjournment yesterday, addressed the Committee on the Sub Treasury bill. Mr. Sergeant of Pa. followed him. After speaking until the clerk so became exhausted, and asked to be indulged to finish his speech to-morrow. The House then adjourned.

The Senate passed the Bankrupt Bill, and then adjourned. It cannot possibly be taken up in the Hospital this Session.

June 25, 1840.

The Senate last evening ordered the Bankrupt Bill to be engrossed by a vote of ayes 24, noes 23. It was amended so as to fix the period for the commencement of the operation of the act on the 1st of February next. Another amendment makes it obligatory on the bankrupt to serve a personal notice on his creditors.

To-day they are engaged on private bills.

In the House this morning, immediately after the journal had been read, the rules were suspended and Mr. Sergeant resumed his remarks in committee on the whole against the Sub-Treasury Bill.

Mr. Wise is about to leave, and probably will not be present when the final vote shall be taken on the bill. I presume you know the reason. He is about to lead to the altar the accomplished daughter of Mr. Sergeant.

The weather is still intolerably hot, so that it requires the greatest effort for members to keep cool.

June 27, 1840.

In the Senate, the Vice President presented the annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, in relation to the Commerce and Navigation of the country. It was referred, and 5000 extra copies ordered to be printed. A considerable number of private bills were then acted upon. The joint resolution in relation to the sufferers by the late tornado at Natchez, was taken up; the question being on the amendment offered by Mr. Henderson to remit the interest on the public money to be entrusted for three years longer to the two banks at Natchez. It was supported by Mr. Henderson, and opposed by Messrs. Wright and Calhoun, and rejected by a large vote; the resolution passing giving the three years time was then ordered to be engrossed. The Senate then went into executive session, and adjourned to Monday.

In the House of Representatives after the reading of the journals, a motion was made that the rules be suspended, for the purpose of offering a resolution that the Sub Treasury be taken out of committee on Monday next at 6 o'clock P. M., and reported to the House. The previous question was demanded and sustained; and the rules suspended by a vote of 11 to 58. The question was then taken on the resolution, and the vote stood, ayes, 123, noes 58.

A motion was then made to suspend the rules for the purpose of taking up and referring the Bankrupt bill—Ayes 88, noes 68. It was consequently not sustained.

The House then went into committee of the whole on the Sub Treasury bill, when Mr. McCarter of Virginia, took the floor, and spoke against the bill.

June 29, 1840.

This morning, the death of Mr. Eleazar Fairfield, librarian of the House of Representatives, was announced.

Mr. Early was a native of Georgia, and was a member of the Governor of that State. He was a man of some talent, and spent the better portion of a lifetime in the capacity of a political lecturer and writer. He was rarely seen in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and was generally found in his office leading a life of seclusion.

After the journal had been read, Dr. Patrick's motion to adjourn the present Congress on the 14th of July, was called up, and objections to it having been made, Dr. Patrick called for a suspension of the rules, but the House refused to acquiesce, by a vote, and the matter lies over till to morrow morning.

At 11 o'clock, the orders of the day were demanded, and the House went into committee of the whole, Mr. Banks in the chair, on the Sub Treasury bill, when Mr. Banks was proceeding to the winding of Mr. Jenifer, of Maryland, now, and asked leave to make personal explanation.

Mr. Briggs, of Massachusetts, was called for an enforcement of the rules of the House, and Mr. Banks mounted the wood sack, and Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, proceeded to the discussion of the Sub Treasury bill. The Doctor was on the floor when I closed this note.

In the Senate, at the time I closed, the bill of Mr. John Q. Adams, to prevent frauds on the revenue by smuggling, was the special order of the day, and was expected to create a good deal of discussion.

June 30, 1840.

The House of Representatives assembled at 11 A. M. The morning hour was taken up in the case of Lieut. Hope. The clerk was about to proceed with the reading of the documents, which would have taken two or three days, when a motion was made and carried to dispense with the further reading of the papers. A motion was then offered to print the proceedings and all the papers connected with the case, which was adopted. The Speaker then announced that by the resolution of Friday last, and the report of the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole on the Sub Treasury bill, that bill was now before the House. Mr. Graham, of N. C., then got the floor and spoke against the bill for about two hours.

A call of the House was then ordered, and after the proceedings upon it had been got through a motion was made to engross the bill for a third reading. The previous question was called and sustained, and the main question adopted by a vote of 124 to 105.

The bill then came up upon its final passage, the question was taken and the bill was passed, yes 124, nays 107. Majority 17.

Mr. Cushing, of Mass., then made a motion to amend the title of the bill so as to make it read, "a bill to authorize the President to draw money out of the Treasury without any appropriation by law." He proceeded to speak in favor of the amendment, and was replied to by Mr. Pickens of S. C.

After order was restored, the previous question was called on Cushing's amendment, and being sustained, the question was put and the amendment lost by a very large majority. The legitimate title of the bill was then read and passed, and the whole subject being disposed of, the House adjourned at half past seven o'clock, P. M.

SATURDAY

TERMS OF SU

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

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Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

☞ New Agencies.—J. F. Curns & Co. our agents at New Orleans, have established agencies at Mobile and St. Louis. Their address at Mobile is W. Pickel, No. 60 Royal street. Mr. Fowser is the acting partner at St. Louis. We commend them to those who wish the Post or Casket at either place.

Financial Record.

The Concord Bank.—A committee of the stockholders have made a thorough investigation of the affairs of this bank, and report that after paying all the liabilities of the bank, from fifty to sixty-five thousand dollars, available property will remain for the stockholders. They recommend to make an assessment of $25 on each share of the stock. This assessment with the debts of the bank, will enable the directors to redeem all the bills of the bank.

The New Bank in Havana.—On the 30th ult. the stockholders of the Savings Bank in Havana met at the house of His Excellency the Governor General, to choose directors and officers of the institution. The Count de Canongo was elected President, and Don Antonio Bachiller Cashier. The capital already paid in is more than $100,000. Three months time is allowed for other subscribers to come in.

Mississippi Banks.—Governor McNutt has proclaimed that the following named banks have forfeited all their banking powers, viz—Fernando Railroad and Banking Co., Benton and Manchester Railroad and Banking Co., Mississippi Railroad Company.

Political Intelligence.

Appointments by the President, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.*—A. B. Morton, Register of the Land Office at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, from the 5th of July, 1840, when his present commission will expire.

Land Officers—Receivers of Public Moneys.

Saton W. Norris, at Indianapolis, Indiana, from the 1st of July, 1840, when his present commission will expire.

Charles C. Hascall, at Genesee, Michigan, from the 5th of July, 1840, when his present commission will expire.

Matthew Lieper, at Fayetteville, Arkansas, from the 10th of July, 1840, when his present commission will expire.

Nimrod E. Benson, at Montgomery, Alabama, from the 14th of July, 1840, when his present commission will expire.

Rufus Parks, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, from the 5th of July, 1840, when his present commission will expire.

Daniel T. Witter, Washington, Arkansas, from the 10th of July, 1840, when his present commission will expire.

John B. Hogan, Collector of the Customs at Mobile, Alabama, reappointed from 1st of July, 1840.

William B. Snell, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the ports of Warren and Barrington, R. I. vice William Turner, whose commission expired on 1st June, 1840.

Frederick Kappel, to be Consul of the United States at Pesth, in Hungary.

☞ The election for Congress and State officers will take place in Louisiana on the 6th of July. The Democrats have chosen for Congress, Gilbert Leonard for the First District, Gen. J. B. Dawson for the Second District, and Richard Winn for the Third District.

General News.

A Forger Pardoned.—Charles Mitchell, the forger, has been pardoned by the President of the United States. Who obtained it? and what will he make by the operation? Is Mitchell to be made a "stool pigeon" of? We suspect we shall soon hear something grand in the "queer" line, as counterfeiting and forging is called in the flash vocabulary.

We Don't Believe It.—The Journal of Commerce reports another passenger on board the Lexington, saved—Mr. A. H. Fowler, of New York, organ builder. Mrs. F. is said to have received a letter from him, at Mobile, whither he was taken by a vessel which picked him up at sea, after he had been three days floating on a cotton bale.

Conspiracy of Slaves.—In Westmoreland county, Va., there has recently been an examination of slaves under suspicion of a conspiracy. The evidence was strong. A strict patrol has been rendered necessary, and a restriction of many of the privileges hitherto granted to the blacks.

Cost of Official Insolence.—"Old Hays" was prosecuted in New York, and on Friday had to pay $125 and costs, for pushing a lawyer violently out of the court room, at the cry of "order" from the judge. The lawyer was in the crowd and Hays did not know him.

Beating Women.—A field driver named Veso was tried in Boston on Thursday, for beating two women in the pursuit of his official business. The man who will beat a woman is a coward in heart, soul and principles, and is a disgrace to the mother that bore him.

Fire in Boston.—On Thursday evening about half past nine o'clock, a fire broke out in the upper story of a building in Congress street, Boston. The damage was trifling.

A Memorial Gone.—A house in the vicinity of Plattsburg, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 19th inst. This house was the "Head Quarters" of Gen. Provost during the siege of Plattsburg in 1814.

Hooked by an Ox.—On the 12th inst., Mr. Sumner Williams, of Chester, Mass., was hooked by one of his oxen while driving them, and died. He was forty-one years of age.

Demanded.—McCoy, the notorious jail breaker, was taken from Moyamensing prison on Saturday to Wilmington, by officer Strine,—having been demanded by the Governor of Delaware.

Immigrants.—About 150 Welsh immigrants arrived yesterday afternoon from New York. They were brought from Bordentown in the steamboat New Philadelphia.

Convict Caught.—A convict named George Stevens, alias John Williams, who escaped from the New York Penitentiary lately, has been caught and sent back.

Vice and attempted Suicide.—A blacksmith at Belleisle, New York, tried to drown himself on Friday, in the canal, but couldn't. A vice, weighing 30 pounds, was tied to his neck.

Poisoned.—On the 18th inst. on board the steamer New York, while ascending the Ohio, above Cincinnati, upwards of 60 persons were poisoned by eating corn bread.

Reward.—Gov. Seward has offered a reward of $250 for the apprehension of Lett, the villain who attempted to blow up the steamboat Great Britain at Oswego.

Drowned.—William Colgrave, collector for the town of Stuyvesant, Columbia county, was accidentally drowned at Schodac Landing on the 23d inst.

Insolvent Court.—Wednesday, 161 petitioners were discharged in Philada. There are now remaining, 112 cases, which are opposed.

Fatal Fall.—A carpenter fell from a step ladder at the Astor House, New York on Tuesday and hurt his head. He died yesterday.

Low Spirits.—A Mr. Charles Cutler took laudanum and killed himself in New York on Tuesday, while in low spirits for want of money.

☞ The board of visitors at West Point state, that three hundred officers of the army have resigned since the commencement of the Florida war.

Run Over.—On Monday evening the engines in New York, ran over a negro in Broadway, and injured him severely.

The Great Western.—This steam vessel sailed on Wednesday. She was crowded with passengers. Many who wished to go were disappointed.

☞ James Ward was arrested in New York on Saturday, for passing altered Chemical Bank bills.

Disgraceful Conduct.—On the 19th inst., a vessel called the Celeste, bound from New Haven to New York, was upset in a squall off Milford. The captain's wife and one or two ladies were on board, and all succeeded in sustaining themselves on the side of the vessel, until a schooner or sloop from down East came within hailing distance, the captain of which for a long time refused to render any assistance to the sufferers—said he could not be detained—that he had rendered similar favors before, but never got any pay for it, &c., and passed on. His passengers finally induced him to put about and go to the assistance of the distressed. They were taken to New Haven harbor and landed, but not till the expense demanded by the unfeeling wretch who so reluctantly assisted had been paid. We hope the name of this wretch will be duly published, that he may be handed down to posterity as a disgrace to the human species.

Distressing Event.—The United States Gazette of Monday says—"A letter now before us from Harrisburg, mentions the reception at that place of the painful intelligence that the Hon. Samuel McKean, late United States Senator for Pennsylvania, attempted suicide in a fit of insanity on Tuesday last, at his residence in McKean county, by cutting his throat with a razor. Although Gen. McKean was alive when the letter, giving the information was written, yet, it is added, there was not the slightest prospect of his surviving many hours."

Doubtful.—Throwing cold water over the head of an animal, completely neutralizes, it is said, prussic acid. A gentleman lately in England, gave a dog some acid to kill him. The animal almost immediately became paralyzed, but appearing likely to linger for a short time, the owner, to put it out of misery, threw it into a pond; the dog, however, having felt the effect of the water, immediately swam out, shook itself, and appeared as if nothing whatever had occurred.

To Put out a Fire.—A Mr. Deasby, in New York has an apparatus in his house, for the instant extinguishment of fires within a building. The Star says: "It is surprising to see the body of water it throws, sufficient to inundate any loft in which a fire may rage. His whole plan is simple, cheap and effective—it extinguishes fires inside houses and stores, whereas by engines we have only the outside fires subdued.

Fires in New York.—On Thursday afternoon, a fire broke out in New York, in the store of George Bell & Co. 107 South street. It was set on fire by sparks from the East river steamboats. It contained over 600 bales of cotton. There was another fire in Water street near Catharine, at the same time, which was soon extinguished.

He couldn't stop it.—A fine large dog, belonging to Mr. Lee, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, was killed on the railroad on Wednesday last. He undertook to oppose the passage of the engine over his master's premises, but the locomotive was not to be trifled with in that way. Poor fellow! it made a "jiggered bow-wow" of him, as Skinny Jemmy would say.

A Perjurer.—The Mr. Mory, of Brooklyn, L. I., who swore that the Captain of the De Witt Clinton steamboat said to him, speaking of the Napoleon, "we tried hard to sink the d—d boat, but failed in the attempt," has since made oath that he heard nothing of the kind! What a perjured villain he must be. We wonder if he be not insane?

Atrocious Murder.—A man, named Ed. Dixon, was murdered on the Allegheny Mountain, on the morning of the 18th inst. The murderer must have taken a position about twenty yards from the door of Dixon's house, and having whistled in a way to excite Dixon's attention, he stepped into the yard, and was shot through the chest and died immediately.

From Mexico.—By the arrival at New Orleans of two Yucatan vessels, advices one week later have been received. Campeachy place had not capitulated, though closely invested by land and sea, and the negociations were not quite concluded as to what should become of the troops after the capitulation.

Accident and Loss of Life.—Mr. Benjamin Sherman, of Darien, Geo., was killed on the 18th instant, while riding, accompanied by his lady. The horse he was driving started, and upset the vehicle. Both were thrown out, and Mr. S. was killed instantly. His wife was only slightly injured.

A Fight.—A fight took place on Thursday, at Annapolis, Md. between some passengers on board the Rappahannock, and the citizens of that place. The Baltimore Sun intimates that there is much ill-feeling between the Baltimoreans and Annapolitans. Why is not stated.

Ardent Spirits.—They are disputing in New York as to the propriety of permitting the sale of ardent spirits on the 4th of July, at the booths around the Park. If they do not get it there, they will get it somewhere else. We cannot believe that any such partial measures is ever productive of genuine good.

The Verren Conspiracy.—The libellers of the Rev. Mr. Verren, of New York, have been sentenced; Barthelemy to 12 months imprisonment and $250 fine; De Bouillon to 3 months and same fine. Collin's sentence has been deferred.

Clearing the Channel.—Dr. Potnam, at New Orleans, has invented a machine from which great hopes are entertained there, that the bars which so obstruct the mouth of the river may be ploughed up, and the loose sand scraped into deep water.

Musket balls by Machinery.—A new mode of forming musket balls by machinery, instead of casting them, has been invented in England, and the process has been adopted by the Board of Ordnance at Woolwich.

Tolls on Coal.—The Legislature of New York has, with a view of encouraging the transportation of Pennsylvania coal on the New York canals, reduced the toll on that article from nine mills to four mills a ton per mile.

U. S. Ship Lexington.—The Norfolk Beacon of Thursday says—The U. S. ship Lexington, Capt. Clark, left her anchorage off the Naval Hospital yesterday, and proceeded up to the Navy Yard. She is partly dismantled.

Forfeited its Charter.—The charter of the Mississippi Railroad Company, at Natchez, has been forfeited, for refusing to pay specie for its notes of $5 and under. In consequence of this the Governor issued his proclamation and the bank is now closed.

Natchez going up.—Natchez is going up again. They are building rapidly, and several houses at the last accounts, were open and doing business. The streets are being cleared, and improvements are to be seen in every direction.

Examination of Midshipmen.—A Board for the examination of midshipmen, whose warrants bear date prior to the 1st of January, 1835, will be convened at the Naval Asylum, on the Schuylkill, on Monday, the 6th of July.

Railroad Accident.—An accident occurred on the Susquehanna railroad, on the 25th inst. caused by the cars running off the track. A fireman named Wilson was severely injured.

He was Acquitted.—Wm. Wetsell, was tried in New Orleans on the 16th inst. for murder, in driving a railroad car over Jean Elberty, a boy, and was acquitted.

Taking it Cool.—In Buffalo, last week, a man drove through the streets with a sleigh and span of horses. Only think of a sleigh ride in midsummer!

Fire in Louisville.—The Saddletree factory below Louisville, was consumed by fire on Sunday, 21st inst.

Not True.—That another person, a Mr. Fowler, has been saved from the burning of the Lexington. It was all a hoax.

Lead Mine.—A vein of lead, about two feet thick, and yielding about 70 per cent., has been discovered in a limestone quarry, ten miles from Sunbury, Pa.

Suicide.—A man named Fortling, committed suicide in Baltimore on Thursday, by swallowing half a gill of laudanum.

Another Murder.—A man named Jas. Golden, an Irishman, was killed in Madison county, Ky. on Saturday last, by another Irishman, named McCourt.

Napoleon's Hat.—Dr. Delacroix, at a private audience of the King, Louis Phillippe, presented to His Majesty the hat which Napoleon wore at Eylau.

Very good Law.—An ordinance has been published at Houston, Texas, prohibiting the wear of deadly weapons under a penalty of fifty dollars.

Fell into a Cistern.—The child of a Mrs. Birdsley fell into a cistern in Buffalo on the 22d inst., and was drowned.

Population of Charlestown.—The population of Charlestown, Mass., according to the census just taken, is 10,897, being an increase of 771 since 1837.

Cheap Travelling.—Passengers were taken last Sunday from Albany to New York for 25 cents each. Hurra for competition!

Temperance in Ireland.—Mr. O'Connell, in a late speech at Dublin, alluding to the wonderful progress of the temperance cause in Ireland said:—"Two years ago, who would have thought that at the present time there would have been three millions of our countrymen pledged to avoid intoxicating liquors—keeping that pledge, and not contaminating their lips with a single drop of any spirituous liquor? If any one were to tell me two years ago that this state of things would come about, my first impulse would have been, perhaps, to laugh at the suggestion, but I would have ended with a sigh at its impracticability; but now, sir, I can rejoice at the morality, the firmness, and the good sense which enable the people to make what was deemed so improbable, a reality. I would then have said that it was an idle dream which never could be realised. But it is realised (great cheering.)

Connubial Felicity.—The Boston Post gives an amusing sketch of the rum-rage of an Amazonian washerwoman, as exhibited on Wednesday last in one of the streets of that metropolis. Her husband had tipped her can of rum into the neighboring dock, for which piece of cruelty she challenged him to a fair fight, and when he showed symptoms of backing out, she followed him with the real science, put a blue fringe round his left eye with her right flipper, and drew claret from his nose with her left. Finally he got away from her, by shying into one door and out at another of an unoccupied shanty. Poor fellow!

The American Daguerreotype.—The Americans are not to be outdone even in science. We perceive that the Daguerreotype has already a rival in this country. The likenesses is taken by a new invention, and not by a glass camera and reflected light. The following is the process: a metallic reflector reflects the light of the sun, received from the face of the person sitting for a likeness, back, and a silver plate, placed in the focus of the reflector, receives the impression, when a chemical action takes place, and a perfect image is the consequence. Of course, the miniature is minutely correct, and is finished in from two to five minutes.

Important Fact.—As thousands are annually drowned for want of a knowledge of the means of supporting themselves in the water, we copy from a contemporary the following:—There is no difficulty in floating or swimming, provided persons keep their bodies in a horizontal position, which is done with the greatest ease, by endeavoring to force the chin down upon the surface of the water, instead of forcing the head as high out of the water as possible, which brings the body perpendicular instead of horizontal as required.

He was Insane.—The perpetrator of the late outrage on a married woman in New York, which we noted some time ago, turns out to be insane. He has been committed to the Lunatic Asylum. He is the head of a family too, and it is of course difficult to conceive the amount of distress the whole affair has occasioned among the relatives of the two parties.

Flour.—It is a mistake to suppose that U. States flour is admitted into Great Britain via Canada, at less duty than if shipped directly from here; but flour manufactured in Canada from wheat grown in the United States and shipped thence to England, is admitted on the same terms as if the wheat were grown in Canada.

Beautiful State of Society.—In Mexico, the persons imprisoned are always starved to death, and hence the military will not turn out to assist in the capture of the vicious. A battalion lately refused to march against some brigands, knowing that starvation would be the fate of those that might be taken.

Well Disciplined.—As a soldier in Shrewsbury, England, was carrying the dinners belonging to his mess, from the baker's, one of his companions, coming behind him, called out "*Attention!*" when he dropped his hands, and at the same time the dinners of his unfortunate comrades!

Dead Bodies.—The steamer Czar, when she passed Cairo, says the St. Louis Bulletin of the 15th, found some eight or nine dead bodies floating in the Ohio. From the appearance of the bodies, it is supposed they were flat-boatmen, who had met their death by some violent means.

Paper Mill Burned.—The paper mill of Messrs. Bennett & Walton, in Mount Holly, N. J., was greatly injured by fire on Thursday evening. Messrs. B. & W. had an insurance of about $8000, but their loss must have been considerably greater.

Texas and United States Mail.—All letters and papers for Texas, or coming from Texas to the United States, must be post paid to the boundary line of each country in which they are mailed, or they will not be forwarded. Folks must recollect this.

Counterfeiter Taken.—On the 18th inst. Mr. J. L. Doran, a principal clerk in the Auditor of State's office, at Cincinnati, was arrested at the theatre of that city, on the charge of having passed counterfeit money.

Asiatic Cholera.—Mr. Abraham Crisser, late sheriff of Middlesex county, N. J. died on Monday night at his residence in that vicinity, of cholera. He was taken at church the day previous, and the physicians pronounced it a case of Asiatic cholera.

A Considerable Fall.—A scaffold with two plasterers on it, lately fell forty feet to the ground, in Bedford, Pa., and yet one of the men escaped unhurt. The other, named J. Stewart, dislocated his wrist and ankle.

Shot by Accident.—On the 21st, a man accidentally shot himself in the woods near Buffalo, N. Y. He was stooping over a small run of water when the gun in his hand exploded, and sent the charge through his body near the region of the heart.

Recovering.—The young man, named Hodge, who was lately shot at in jest, and severely wounded on board of a vessel at Charlestown, Mass., is recovering. His eyes, however, are completely destroyed; he must forever remain blind.

Boy Drowned.—On the 13th inst., as two small boys were fishing at Chicago, one of them, about eight years of age, fell in the river, and after crying out two or three times, was drowned.

House and Child Burned.—A few days ago the house of a Mr. Stephenson, in Franklin, Tenn. was burned down, and his son, 11 years of age, perished in the flames.

A Great Storm.—A very destructive storm occurred on the 18th inst. in the vicinity of Churchville, Harford county, Md. It was composed of wind, hail, and rain, and damaged the crops to a great extent.

That's Strange.—The population of the town of Taunton Mass., according to the census just completed, is 7534, being a decrease of 123 since the census of 1837.

Hung Herself.—A market woman named Mrs. Evoll, living in Gloucester County, N. J. hung herself on Tuesday. She was insane, on account of the decease of her husband.

Hung Himself.—A man named McGowan, a porter, hung himself to a tree in Cedar Grove, near Peck slip Ferry, Williamsburg, L. I., on Friday last. His body was discovered by a boy.

Texas Prices.—Texas Treasury Notes were selling at Houston on the 3d inst., at from 14 to 16 cents on the dollar. At that rate, flour is cheap at $50 per barrel.

New Novel.—Bently, in London, has already published Professor Ingraham's new novel, "The Quadroon." The Harpers, of New York, will soon publish it.

From France.—The packet ship La Duchesse d'Orleans, Capt. Richardson, arrived at New York on Thursday night, from Havre. Nothing new by her.

Naval.—The United States sloop of war Preble, Commander Breese, for St. Johns, N. F. sailed from Halifax 12th inst.

More than we Expected.—Eight millions of dollars is the assessed value of property in St. Louis, Missouri.

Not Killed.—George W. Rice, reported as robbed and killed by a highwayman, near Springfield, Mass., is, it appears, likely to recover.

Sharp Shearing.—Ten thousand sheep were divested of their woolly garments at the great sheep-shearing held lately at Nantucket.

Elegant Present.—Bishop, the leader of the ancient concerts, has been complimented by Prince Albert, with an elegant piece of plate.

Going by Steam.—There are five steam saw mills in operation at Wilmington, NC. which together saw one hundred thousand feet of plank per day.

Drowned.—A boy, the son of John Garrison, was drowned at Bridgeton, N. J., on the 27th, while in the river bathing.

Shooting Pirates.—The seven pirates, condemned at Havana, were to have been shot on a staging, off the Moro, on the 15th inst.

Drowned.—Four persons were drowned in Portland harbor, Monday evening, while in a sail boat.

Horrid Murder.—We learn from an extra issued from the Cattaraugus (N. Y.) Freeman and Messenger that Richard Brown and his wife, who lived at Edward's Hill, in that county, have been murdered—supposed by a German of the name of Bohall, and his son in law, whose name is Seiples. They were not found till Monday, the 22d inst., though supposed to have been murdered a week before. They lived in an obscure place, more than a mile from any other dwelling. Mrs. Brown was found partially under the bed, with her head shockingly bruised with an axe. Mr. Brown's axe was found in the house, covered with blood. The German, above named, stated that Mr. B. had found out that his wife was treacherous, and that he had probably killed her and left the country. Mr. Brown, however, was afterwards found dead in a clearing where he had been at work, about sixty rods from the house, his skull shockingly mangled with an axe, and suspicion falling upon the two men above named, they were arrested, examined, and committed. Brown had $100 in his house, which had disappeared. A hat was found near the house of Bohall, in the thicket, containing much stolen property belonging to several neighbors, besides an axe covered with blood and two pairs of bloody pantaloons.

Where are they not?—We don't know any thing more illustrative of the innumerable quantity of "Smiths" with which every nation seems to be provided than the following fact. At the English Opera House last season, a gentleman made a bet, that although it was crowded with people, he could obtain a front seat in the pit. After obtaining a ticket at the door with some difficulty, for the doorkeeper refused at first to sell one, when he knew it was impossible to secure a place, the gentleman who had laid the wager went in and stationing himself at the pit entrance, exclaimed with a loud voice, full of alarm and agitation "Mr. Smith's house is on fire!—Mr. Smith's house is on fire!" About twenty persons instantly jumped up and rushed out of the building, and our hero getting himself comfortably into the front row, coolly observed that he had won his bet, and there wasn't the least occasion for further disturbance.

Mob Law in Liverpool.—Mob law appears to be as fashionable in England as with us. A Mr. Sharp, of Liverpool, being determined lately it seems that the ship Victoria should not sail, employed seventy men to go on board, cut her sails loose, fight the men and crew, and cut up other tricks. They took also an old brig and made fast to the ship, and got two steamboats to pull her back as she was towed down, and did not leave their work of destruction, violence and outrage, until fairly beaten off by fifty armed men supplied by the civil authorities. The Dock and Harbor Masters were arraigned to render an account of the disorder in the dock, but Mr. Sharp's conduct was permitted to pass unnoticed. After this the British had better not speak of our disposition to use mob law.

Latest from Rio de Janeiro.—The Baltimore Clipper says, a friend has favored us with a copy of a letter dated Rio de Janeiro, 30th May, an extract from which we give below:—"We have received advices this morning from the river La Plata, by the British Packet, which mention that Gen. Lavalla had gained important advantages over Gen. Rosas' forces, and was within 200 miles of Buenos Ayres. We are furthermore advised that there had been another massacre at Buenos Ayres, in which many valuable lives of respectable citizens had been lost.

Impious Daring.—A Socialist in England lately declared his disbelief in the existence of a Deity, and to convince his auditory of the truth of his declaration, took his watch from his pocket, and after noting the time, made this impious declaration—"If there is a God let him strike me dead at the expiration of four minutes," and held the watch in silence until that time had expired, when he exultingly told his hearers that the fact of his being then alive was a convincing proof of the non-existence of a Supreme Being.

Lucky Escape.—At Waynesburg, Pa., on the 23th inst., there was a heavy storm, during which the wife and son of a Mr. Jacob Doty were both struck to the ground by lightning. Mrs. D. recovered, and on rising discovered her son to all appearance dead. She gave the alarm. The boy was carried to the house, when he began to show signs of life; and we are happy to say he is now entirely recovered. His hat was literally torn to atoms, and a considerable portion of his hair burnt from his head.

Fight at a Ball.—A few days ago, a person recovered in New York, $25 of another who assaulted him in a ball room. The plaintiff had caught defendant's partner around the waist and neck, and whirled her into her place, she having "missed a figure." The defendant construed the act into one of rudeness, knocked plaintiff down, and finished the dance himself.

Judicial Lynching.—Two justices of the peace in Bergen County, N. J., lately tried and convicted a stranger, of petty larceny, and decreed that he should receive forty stripes on his bare back. The cries of the lacerated victim roused the whole neighborhood. In the midst of a populous city, and within the hearing of a hundred females and children, was this disgusting and barbarous scene enacted.

From Florida.—Capt. Miller, 1st Infantry, recently captured on the Ocilla river, ten women and children; killed one warrior, and another supposed to be a white man.

From Tallahassee, 21st ult. we learn that the militia in that neighborhood had caught two Indians, by the assistance of two *bloodhounds.*

Alarming Crevasse.—The New Orleans Sun of the 19th inst. states that on Thursday night a crevasse of a highly alarming description occurred in the upper part of the city, a little below Wither's saw mills. Between two and three hundred men were instantly set to work, and succeeded in healing up the levee in the course of about two hours.

Stolen or not Stolen.—T. F. Merritt was arrested for the theft of a load of groceries on Monday night in New York. Merritt said he was part owner of the goods, and sold them to realise enough to secure a sum advanced by his father. The goods were returned, and all was released.

Crushed by a Rock.—Two men were crushed on Friday at a quarry at Paterson, N. J., by a rock weighing two tons, which fell upon them from a height of twenty feet. One died shortly after, and the recovery of the other is considered very doubtful.

Kicked to Death.—On the 22d inst. at Rome, N. Y., a canal boatman kicked another so severely, that he died. The murderer, whose name is Zalbanah Barnes, was pursued to Utica and arrested, and imprisoned, to answer the charge.

Drunk and Crazy.—A shoemaker got drunk in New York and went and enlisted a few weeks ago. His wife lately endeavored to get him free upon the plea that when drunk he was always *non compos mentis.* The old trick.

Accident.—On Saturday morning, the mate of the schr. Wm. Wallace, fell from the mast head in coming up the bay and was drowned. It was blowing hard at the time.

Population of Harrisburg.—The population of Harrisburg, as ascertained in taking the census, is 5967, of which 5272 are whites, and 695 colored. In 1830 the population was 4312.

Accident.—Two valuable mules belonging to Bolton and Martin, were killed on the Reading railroad, a short distance from the city, yesterday afternoon.—They were run over by a locomotive.

Gale at Quebec.—An easterly gale commenced at Quebec on Friday evening the 19th inst. and continued until Saturday morning, occasioning a number of accidents to the shipping.

Wreck on Lake Erie.—The schr. Commercial, of Conn. with 250 barrels of salt on board, was run into and sunk by the Great Western on the night of the 22d inst. The crew got off before she went down."

Vessel Burnt Up.—The brig Arab was burnt up in the Bay, below Mobile, on the 17th inst. She had 1,935 bales cotton on board, 100 of which only were saved.

Consumption of Flour.—There are twelve millions of barrels of flour annually consumed in the U. States, which, at $5 per barrel, amount to sixty millions of dollars.

Hung by a Bed-Cord.—A Spanish Indian lately hung himself in the prison at Hartford, Conn. He had been imprisoned for beating his wife.

Death of a Judge.—Judge Hinckley, of Northampton, Massachusetts, died at his residence in that town a few days since, at the age of 83.

Scaly Business.—A man named Park was arrested in Baltimore on Friday, for stealing a half barrel of shad.

Doylestown.—The population of Doylestown, on the 1st inst. per the census-taker, was 905.

Adjournment of Congress.—Congress in all probability will adjourn on the 15th inst. We think there is little doubt of it.

New Paper.—T. L. Nichols has got out a paper at Buffalo, called "Nichol's Gazette and Spirit of 1840." How will that spirit answer next year?

A Victoria Girl.—A girl, named Pendleton, who was arrested in New York, and taken to Catskill on Saturday, charged with stealing $100, and some clothing of a Mr. Dunham of Greenville, attempted to jump overboard on her passage up the Hudson, several times. At Catskill she was locked up in a second story room of a hotel, but crept through a window to the roof of the tall piazza, and sliding down one of the high pillars to the floor below outside, effected her escape at about two o'clock in the morning. She hid herself all day, but at length was found and taken to Mr. D., who recovered $63, and the clothing.

An Accident.—A Mr. Lewis, in attempting to jump out of a dearborn that was being run away with in N. York, on Tuesday, was unfortunately thrown headlong upon the pavement, producing a most horrid compound fracture of the right leg and dislocation of the ankle. Dr Foster had the sufferer conveyed to his own house. Amputation was performed, and we learn that Mr Lewis is getting better.

Breach in the Ohio Canal.—A breach occurred on the 8th inst. in the Ohio Canal, a few miles south of Roscoe, which will obstruct the navigation for some days. About two hundred yards of embankment were swept away, and a passage made in the middle of the channel ten or twelve feet below the bottom of the Canal.

Another Tornado.—Little Rock, Ark., has been visited by a tornado. The wind blew in one continued blast for half an hour, whilst a dazzling light burst forth from every quarter of the Heavens, attended by long and heavy claps of thunder. A number of houses were blown down, but we find no account of any loss of life.

A Serious Riot.—A riot occurred on the Erie canal a few days ago, near Coshocton, New York, between the boatmen and citizens. The boatmen were fired upon, and four or five wounded. The militia had to be called out to quell the riot. The rioters threatened to destroy the bridge, and the citizens defended it by placing cannon in a raking position.

Fell Dead.—A constable named Curran, suddenly fell dead on Sunday in New York, while conveying a black fellow to prison. A mob of blacks and whites had a fight afterwards on a misunderstanding of the circumstances, and only stopped when several negroes were hurt, and whites captured and committed.

Fire in New York.—On Tuesday evening, in New York, a fire broke out in a frame building, occupied as a bakery, on the north side of Stanton street, between Pitt and Willett street, part of which was destroyed. The roof of the adjoining building was considerably injured.

Cure for Corns.—The following is a never-failing remedy for corns:—Take of tincture of iodine four drachms, iodure of iron twelve grains, chloride of antimony four drachms; to be applied with a camel hair brush, after paring the corn. Three applications are generally sufficient.

Son's Almost Ready.—The Herald says, that the steam frigate now building in the Brooklyn, L. I. Navy Yard, is all planked, and numerous workmen are now engaged in finishing her inwardly, to receive her engines and boilers when they are ready. If necessary she could be launched in a month or two.

Robbery and Murder.—A Mr. Wm. Coltart, was robbed on the 12th inst. and his throat was cut from ear to ear, by a Zebulon Payne, on the Shelbyville and Winchester (Ten.) road in open daylight. The deceased was a resident of Franklin, Tenn. The murderer escaped.

The Effects of Rum.—A man named Thomas Martin, a Scotchman, went to bed drunk on Tuesday night in New York, and fell out of the second story window to the ground, going through an awning, and striking the corner of the steps in his course. His skull was fractured, and he died before morning.

A very Sensible Reason.—First Lieutenant William Lyne, of the Falmouth sloop of War, respectfully declined accepting the sword presented to him by his crew for his kind deportment, upon the principle that officers from such presents might be induced to relax in their duties.

Horrible Accident.—A Mr. William R. Long, ticket master at the Lowell Depot, returning on Monday evening from Newburyport with the train of cars, had his head so horribly crushed by being caught under the bridge, eight miles from Lowell, as to cause immediate death.

Railroad to Albany.—The New Yorkers are bestirring themselves about a railroad to Albany. If they are not pretty active, their neighbors will get their western trade to a certainty—that is all that we do not attract ourselves.

Compliment to Talent.—The King of Belgium has been pleased to present a valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with brilliants, to F. Shoberl, Esq. author of the interesting little volume, entitled "Prince Albert and the House of Saxony."

Liquor has Gained it.—Liquor has gained the day in New York, and ardent spirits will be sold as usual at the booths on the 4th of July. Of course, the customary scenes of violence, blackguardism, drunkenness, &c., will be publicly enacted.

The Insanity of Boz.—The rumor which has been once current, and then again contradicted, is re-affirmed in a private letter received by the editor of the Mirror. That letter speaks of the painful statement as being without any doubt true.

Murder.—Alexander Atkinson, Esq. of Camden county, Georgia, was murdered on the 20th inst. by some of his negroes. He was for several years a member of the State Senate. Eight of the negroes were arrested while attempting to escape in a boat.

Railroad Accident.—William Waters, an Irish laborer, was run over on the Worcester railroad, at Boston, on Saturday. The bones of his thighs, and one of his arms were crushed. We presume he died shortly after.

Frank Johnson.—Frank Johnson and his band created quite a sensation, at a serenade in New York on Wednesday. His solo on the bugle aroused and enchanted the whole neighborhood. It takes Frank to do it.

Waiting for Boats.—The St. Augustine Herald of the 13th inst. states that Lieut Com. M'Laughlin, of the revenue cutter Flirt, at that port, was awaiting the arrival of some light boats from Savannah, when he would proceed to penetrate the everglades.

Immigrants Coming.—The Montezuma landed on Wednesday upwards of 100 passengers, most of them from Green Erin.

The Bremen brig Stern, arrived on Thursday with 160 German passengers.

A Young Rogue.—Robert Kelly, a boy from Philadelphia, was detected on Saturday in robbing the money drawer of a store in Water street, New York. He was sent to prison.

Escaped.—Lett, who was tried for an attempt to burn the steamer Great Britain, and sentenced to seven years imprisonment, has escaped. We expected as much.

Tea, not Chinese.—The Society of Arts in London, Dr. Roget in the chair, have decreed the gold medal to Mr. Bruce, for the discovery of indigenous tea in Upper Assam.

Hail Storm.—On the 18th inst., they had a severe hail storm about Norristown, Lower Providence and Worcester townships, which prostrated some small buildings and injured the apple orchards.

Religious.—Rev. James N. Granger, late of Auburn, N. Y., has accepted the call of the Sansom street Baptist Church of this city, and is expected about the first Sabbath in July.

Body Found.—The body of C. K. Palmer, of Michigan, the insane person who jumped overboard from the steamboat Thomas Jefferson, on the 12th April last, was found on the 15th in Chagrin River.

Drowned.—Edward Stuart, one of the hands of a schooner, was drowned at Brooklyn, on Saturday night last. His body was found at low tide, sticking straight up in the mud, head upwards.

Perjury.—Yesterday, a colored woman named Rhoda Ann Patterson, was brought before Alderman Binns and committed upon a charge of perjury.

Very Handy.—Packets leave Charleston for Havana now regularly, on the 1st of each month, and Havana for Charleston, on the 15th.

Died Suddenly.—The Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, of Lancaster, Mass., died suddenly in Rochester, on the 23d inst., from an affection of the heart.

Escaped.—On the 19th six convicts escaped in Columbus, Ohio, from a brick-yard where they were at work. None were re-taken.

Cut his Throat.—A man named Seronymus Alstyne cut his throat with a razor in New York on Tuesday. He was insane.

Hung Himself.—A man named Mache, in Lancaster county, a day or so ago.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money, with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by mail at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 18th June to the 1st July.

June 18, received from		*June 24, received from*	
Jno. Scott, Esq.	$4 00	J. Jenkins, Esq.	10 00
J. W. Watson, Esq.	3 00	P. Pratt,	2 00
S. Spiker, Esq.	5 00	W. Morton,	2 00
S. A. Cunningham, Esq.	2 65	L. P. Reid,	2 00
H. Woolfe, Esq.	3 75	S. P. Barton,	3 00
C. C. Hunt, Esq.	2 00	T. Ruddick,	2 00
T. D. McFarland, to Nov. 5, 1841.	5 00	I. Ledvile, Esq.	10 00
M. Sprogell,	4 00	Jas. Solens, Esq.	2 00
R. M. Smith, Esq.	22 50	Moses Ruby, Esq.	2 00
A. L. Izards,	6 00	*June 25.*	
June 19.		D. Wright, Esq.	13 00
J. Shewell, Esq.	2 00	J. Brennagh,	6 00
J. W. Doon, Esq.	8 00	T. Spence, Esq.	3 00
J. C. Conover Kennedy,	5 00	P. M. Smith, Esq.	2 00
W. Merrall, Esq.	2 00	P. H. Bordick, Esq.	4 00
H. J. Godden, Esq.	2 00	D. Buckley, Esq.	2 00
C. D. Whittle, Esq.	4 00	S. Rand,	3 00
R. McGowen, Esq.	2 00	S. Bryan, Esq.	2 00
J. Dresser, agt.	2 00	J. Wells, Esq.	10 00
S. Lee,	1 00	G. L. Davidson, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Hillard,	4 00	J. Barbour, Esq.	7 00
W. Wait, Esq.	10 00	H. Stewart, Esq.	2 00
R. Mason,	1 00	W. Hibbard, Esq.	1 00
Jno. Warren,	2 00	*June 26.*	
June 20.		S. Wright, Esq.	5 00
H. Miller,	2 00	G. Williams, Esq.	4 00
N. Supplee,	1 00	A. S. Green, Esq.	2 00
J. R. Dunn & Co.	11 00	T. T. Tuttler, Esq.	2 00
J. M. Thorp,	4 00	C. Marlon, Esq.	2 00
D. Lake,	5 00	J. S. Foster, Esq.	1 00
Isaac Grots,	2 00	J. Ebaugh, Esq.	2 00
W. H. Johns,	2 00	W. Burke, Esq.	3 00
A. Dulley, Esq.	2 00	Jno. Henry,	2 00
Jasper Rand, Esq.	1 00	D. R. Martin,	2 00
J. Sykes, Esq.	3 00	*June 27.*	
J. R. Morton, Esq.	2 00	B. Kent, Esq.	1 00
B. H. Cranet,	2 00	J. Dresser, Esq.	2 00
L. Vanbuskirk,	1 00	D. Nicholl, Esq.	3 00
J. Aberdeen, Esq.	3 00	B. Machall, Esq.	2 00
S. Stacker, Esq.	5 00	J. Elliott, Esq.	5 00
R. Sutton, Esq.	17 00	G. Muntz, Esq.	2 00
C. J. Allen, Esq.	3 00	J. Lewis, Esq.	1 00
J. Cain, Esq.	2 00	Lewis M. Green,	2 00
June 22.		H. C. Douglass,	2 00
Z. Pukens, Esq.	2 00	W. Jones,	5 00
J. S. Youngs, Esq.	2 00	J. John,	2 00
J. R. Church, Esq.	1 00	M. Coon,	2 00
L. W. Delaphan, Esq.	2 00	S. McBirney,	2 00
J. Miller, Esq.	2 00	R. Shores,	6 00
B. Bryan, Esq.	22 00	K. R. Curtis,	2 00
J. H. Edwards, Esq.	3 00	*June 29.*	
Wm. A. Pierce, agt.	65 00	Jas. Bowen,	2 30
W. Bernard, Esq.	6 00	C. Martin,	1 00
J. H. Curtis,	2 00	J. R. Justice,	2 00
F. Martin, Esq.	2 00	M. Smith,	2 00
D. Conklin, Esq.	10 00	C. B. Austin,	2 00
Wm. B. Vail, Esq.	2 00	Wm. Day,	5 00
J. Seymour, Esq.	2 00	H. Huber,	1 00
J. S. Dale & Co.	10 00	M. McBride,	2 00
Wm. Walker, Esq.	20 00	G. J. Ashton,	2 00
J. P. Donnell,	2 00	J. N. Holt,	3 00
Isaac Smith,	2 00	A. Furay,	7 00
M. Bunn,	1 00	S. McCauly, Esq.	2 00
W. M. Duncan,	2 00	A. J. Ketcham, Esq.	1 00
J. Bingham,	2 00	A. Munro, Esq.	14 00
S. Geyer,	6 00	G. Webber, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Shaw,	4 00	J. Reynolds, Esq.	6 00
V. Gatron,	3 00	W. A. Pierce, agt.	40 00
J. Newcomb, Esq.	13 00	B. B. Hall, Esq.	2 00
W. Wall,	3 00	A. P. Vanderveck, Esq.	5 00
J. Bond,	2 00	Robt. Shaw, Esq.	8 00
R. Barclay,	8 25	M. M. Glenn, Esq.	4 00
J. M. Scott,	2 00	J. McMasters,	2 00
J. Hibbert,	2 00	*June 30.*	
W. Sales,	4 00	W. J. Haas,	2 00
M. Potts,	1 00	W. R. Elm,	2 00
J. T. Warren,	2 00	E. Pancoast,	2 00
S. H. Pingry,	2 00	F. Cresson,	7 25
C. Coon,	4 00	P. Benson,	2 00
June 23.		L. Rathbun,	2 00
J. Jones,	8 00	J. Wilson, Esq.	2 00
J. Lukens,	2 00	L. Lawrence, Esq.	2 00
R. H. Stockley,	5 00	S. Goelin, Esq.	2 00
C. W. James, agt.	140 00	A. Higer, Esq.	2 00
J. A. Hurst, Esq.	3 00	P. Rainey, Esq.	7 00
J. T. Barrett, Esq.	2 00	F. R. Taylor, Esq.	2 00
D. Horne, Esq.	2 00	J. Herbert, Esq.	2 00
G. F. Horton, Esq.	2 00	*July 1.*	
P. P. Starkey,	2 00	S. Pond,	1 00
R. Davis, Esq.	2 00	S. S. Dornall,	2 00
G. W. Cook, Esq.	2 00	Joseph Peter,	2 00
		Philo Hillger, Esq.	10 00
		S. Hill,	2 00

ALMANAC.

July, 1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water	Moon's Phases.
4 Saturday,	4 37	7 23	6 27	
5 Sunday,	4 38	7 22	7 10	D. H. M.
6 Monday,	4 38	7 22	7 53	
7 Tuesday,	4 35	7 22	8 35	
8 Wednesday,	4 39	7 21	9 21	First 6 9 3
9 Thursday,	4 39	7 21	10 7	Full 14 12 39
10 Friday,	4 40	7 20	11 36	Last 22 1 45
11 Saturday,	4 40	7 20	11 47	New 28 4 27

MARRIED.

On the evening of the 24th ult. by the Rev. G. B. Ide, Mr. James F. Carlebreath to Miss Lucy W. Thacher, all of this city.

At the Church of the Evangelist, on Thursday, 25th ult. by the Rev. N. S. Harris, Capt. J. J. Abercrombie, U. S. Army, to Miss M. A. E. Patterson, eldest daughter of Gen. Robert Patterson, of this city.

On the 10th ult. by the Rev. J. L. Grant, Mr. Benjamin S. Brown, of Southwark, to Miss Ellen Young, of Moyamensing.

On the 18th ult. by John Swift, Mayor, Wm. E. Shoemaker, to Jane Burrough, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Demme, George Hanson, to Margaret, daughter of Lewis Brumer, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by Alderman John Laws, Mr. Ira Braddock, to Miss Mary Marr, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. W. Suddards, Edward L. Davenport, Comedian, to Miss Susan C. Baker, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. E. Miller, Mr. Benjamin Maffin, to Miss Elizabeth Robinson, all of this city.

On the evening of the 30th June, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. Stephen Flanagan, to Miss Amanda Carr, both of Southwark.

In Baltimore, by the Rev. F. Schibb, Henry C. Weear, of Baltimore, to Miss Susan B. Carey, of Philadelphia.

At Frederick, Md. on the 25th ult. William Carlton, Esq. Register of that city, Miss Mary P. Neill, of Philadelphia.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, 25th ult. Walter Bernings, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 23d ult. after a short illness, Miss Margaret Cooke, in the 12th year of her age.

At Trinidad, Cuba, of yellow fever, on the 23d ult. Caleb Hand, Jr. of this city, aged 24 years.

At Cuba, on the 30th ult. where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Charles F. Spragues, eldest son of Hon. Peleg Sprague, of Boston.

On Saturday morning, 27th ult. after a lingering illness, Jacob Ritter, Jr. in the 37th year of his age.

On the 16th ult. at Charleston, Mr. Matthew Miller, formerly of Philadelphia, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. A. C. Morris, son of David S. Brown, aged 6 years.

On the 28th ult. of protracted illness, Mrs. Sarah Fulton, in the 20th year of her age.

At the residence of her father, Thomas B. Darrach, Esq. near Georgetown X Roads, Kent county, Maryland, on Wednesday, 24th ult. Miss Caroline Darrach, in the 23d year of her age.

On Monday afternoon, 29th ult. Edmond J. Harper, of England, in the 42d year of his age.

On Saturday evening, 27th ult. Martha Bowes, after a lingering illness.

On Monday morning, 29th ult. Anna Lewis, daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Hankins.

On Saturday morning, 27th ult. Samuel Wurner, only son of Elijah W. and Mary Ann Pryor, aged 21 months and 19 days.

On Tuesday, June 30th, of cholera infantum, Harry, son of Daniel D. and Mary Dick, aged 13 months and 24 days.

At Chambersburg, Penna. on Sunday morning, 28th ult. Daniel Knox, of this city, in the 44th year of his age.

At sea, on the 23d ult. on board the brig Emily, Henrietta M. eldest daughter of Wm. C. Stotesbury, in the 4th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, 30th ult. Henry Caron, of this city, in the 43d year of his age.

Health Office, June 27, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington,
From the 20th to the 27th June.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Asphyxia,	0	1	Brought over,	32	28
Apoplexy,	2	0	—Bowels,	3	0
Cancer of Womb,	1	0	—Liver,	2	0
Congestion of Lungs,	0	1	—Kidneys,	1	0
Cholera Morbus,	4	2	Marasmus,	0	3
Consumption of the Lungs,	13	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	5	Neglect,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	3	2	Old Age,	1	0
Dropsy of the Head,	0	3	Palsy,	3	1
—Breast,	0	1	Rupture of Blood Vessel,	1	0
Disease of the Heart,	1	0	Scirrhus,	1	0
Dyspepsia,	1	0	—Liver, of	1	0
Drowned,	0	3	Sore Mouth,	0	2
Dysentery,	0	1	Small Pox,	0	1
Debility,	0	2	Still Born,	0	13
Effusion on the Brain,	1	0	Suicide,	1	0
Fever, Remittent,	0	1	Summer Complaint,	0	9
—Typhus,	1	0	Spitting of Blood,	0	1
—Typhoid,	0	1	Ulcers,	1	0
Inflammation of Brain,	3	4	Unknown,	0	1
—Lungs,	2	0	Vomiting of Blood,	1	0
Carried over,	32	28	Total, 109—	49	60

Of the above there were 12 from the almshouse, 10 people of color, and 1 from the country, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL P. MARES, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 21,	77	84	88
22,	78	77	83
23,	70	76	79
24,	71	80	85
25,	76	82	85
26,	69	67	68
27,	66	74	75

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

Reported by a Member of the Board, for the Saturday Evening Post.

	price sold for.	par.
2099 shares United States Bank,	72 a 76	100
481 do. Girard Bank,	40 a 40½	50
1 do. Pennsylvania Bank,	415	400
16 do. Far & Mec Bank,	55	50
76 do. Mechanics Bank,	35½ a 36	30
164 do. Com. & RR Bank, Vicks.	11 a 12	100
100 do. N. Orleans Gas Bank,	9½	30
23 do. Northern Bank, Ky.	100	100
7 do. Mer & Man Bank, Pitts.	46	50
230 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	45 a 46	50
10 do. Camden & Amboy RR.	118	100
1 do. Philadelphia Museum,	31	100
60 do. Mer. & Tradesmen Loan Co.	12	20
5 do. Delaware Insurance Co.	27½	40
10 do. Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	45	50

S. DILLINGHAM,
DENTIST,
No 161 Chesnut Street,
Nearly opposite C. & Bank.
jy 4—6t

REMOVED.—Joseph E. McIlhenney Dentist, has removed to No. 213 Arch street, nearly opposite his former residence.
June 25, 1840. ja 27—3m

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

The transactions have been on a limited scale since our weekly report. Prices, however, have varied but little in the prominent articles of consumption.

Bark—No sales reported of Quercitron. The stock is light, but equal to the present demand.

Cotton—Market quiet with a light stock on sale. Sales of Alabama, at 10½ a 10¾ cts; Uplands 11 cts, for fine N Orleans, 11½ cts has been offered and refused.

Flour and Meal—The stock is uncommonly light and the demand confined mainly to the supplies required for city consumption, at the price current last week. Sales of old stock Pennsylvania, at $4.62½ fresh ground $4.75 per bbl; extra baker's brands, 4.87½ a 5. Sales of Western Flour, at $4.37½; good brands in fine order, $4.44, and in soiled bbls $4.25 a $4.31½. Rye Flour is steady, with sales at $2.75. Corn Meal—Sales in bbls at $2.75.

Grain—But little Wheat arriving. Sales of good Pennsylvania red at $1 per bushel, afloat. It is in request. Rye—Sales at 51½ a 52 cts, in store. Corn—Prices are steady. Sales of Southern flat yellow, at 50, and white at 45 cts. Sales of Pennsylvania yellow, at 50 a 51 cts. Oats—Sales at 28 cts.

Provisions—The demand has become quite limited, but prices have not varied. We quote Mess Pork, at $15.50 a 16 per bbl; Prime $14.50 a 14.75. Bacon—Hams 9 a 10½; Sides 8 a 8½ and Shoulders 7 a 7½ cts per lb, for fair to prime quality, in lots.

Sugar—About 300 hhds Muscovado have been taken today at some advance on previous sales. About 400 hhds New Orleans, have been purchased in New York by some of the trade. Stock light and holders firm.

Tobacco—No sales deserving particular notice.

Whiskey—Sales in hhds, at 22 a 22½, occasionally at 23 cts. Sales in bbls at 23 cts.—*North American.*

PROSPECTUS
OF
THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

THE subscriber proposes to establish a periodical publication, to be entitled—"THE CHRISTIAN WORLD."

The MAIN OBJECT of this work will be, the ADVANCEMENT OF CHRISTIANITY. To this object, whatever personal and social interests it may be desirable and becoming to connect with it, will be regarded not only as subordinate but subservient.

The PLAN contemplates a Series of Sketches, illustrative of BIBLE CHRISTIANITY, in its essential, peculiar, and incomparable glory;—of ORGANIZED CHRISTIANITY, as witnessed in all the Churches and the Benevolent Societies auxiliary to them;—and of the CONNEXIONS OF CHRISTIANITY with the Institutions of Government, Literature, Science, and the Arts. In addition to this highly interesting and important succession of subjects, it is intended to furnish, in A MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT, an attractive and useful variety of historical and geographical descriptions; biographical characters and incidents; poetry; reviews; current intelligence; &c.

The MEANS that will be chiefly relied upon for the fulfilment of this plan, are the following:—1. The Services of a CHOICE CIRCLE OF CORRESPONDENTS, qualified, by ample PERSONAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS, and by their SOCIAL CONNEXIONS AND DISTINCTIONS, to supply all departments of the work, richly, with original communications. 2. An extensive selection of the MOST VALUABLE, REGULAR AND OCCASIONAL PUBLICATIONS, both ENGLISH and AMERICAN,—especially such as may be consulted as ORGANS of the interests and institutions comprehended in the plan.

TERMS.—One number, of eight pages, in large quarto form, enclosed in a cover, will be published every month. It will be printed in the neatest style of the art; on fine, white paper, with new and handsome type, cast and kept expressly for this purpose. Price—a single copy $1.25 per annum; five copies, or more, to one order, $1 each per annum. Distant subscribers must pay in advance; city subscribers, on delivery of the first number. Subscriptions will be received, in the city, at the Bookstore of Mr. J. WHETHAM, Chesnut street above Sixth, and at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 25 Carter's Alley. Communications, *post paid*, may be addressed to the Editor,

THOMAS H. STOCKTON,
No. 10 Sergeant street, Philadelphia.

The first number will be published as soon as sufficient arrangements can be secured. If, during the first year of its publication, it shall succeed in exciting the common Christian interest that is necessary to sustain it, and make it the medium of general usefulness, it will probably be enlarged, or published more frequently.

Philadelphia, June 19th, 1840. Ja 27—3t

THE Language of Truth is Simple.—It is written in the book of nature and common sense, that the natural vegetable productions of every country are if properly applied, amply sufficient for the cure of the various maladies incident to that clime.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

are composed of plants which grow spontaneously upon our own soil, and therefore are far better adapted to our constitutions, than medicines concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded.

It should also be remembered that *The Indian Vegetable Pills* cure every form of disease upon

NATURAL PRINCIPLES.

That is, they cleanse and purify the system of those morbid humors, which, when confined to the circulation, are the cause of all kinds of fevers, but when lodged in the various parts of the body, give rise to every ache or pain we suffer.

When a nation is convulsed by riots, outbreaks, and rebellion, the true remedy is to expel all traitors and evil disposed ones from the country. Just so with the human body; when pain or distress of any kind give evidence that the constitution is struggling with internal foes, our only course is to

ASSIST NATURE

in driving them, as being the cause of disease, from the body.

The Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a delightful medicine for lending nature a helping hand in restoring the body to health; because they expel from the system those morbid and corrupt humors, (*the cause of disease*,) in an easy and natural a manner, that we are relieved of all our suffering as if by magic. The Indian Vegetable Pills are therefore one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world, for the cure of

COSTIVENESS;

because they thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels of those bilious humors which not only paralyze and weaken the digestive organs, but are the cause of headache, nausea and sickness, palpitation of the heart, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other unpleasant complaints.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

are also a certain cure for intermittent, remittent, nervous, inflammatory and putrid fevers, because they cleanse the body of those morbid humors, which when confined to the circulation, are the cause of all kinds of

FEVERS.

So, also, when morbid humors are deposited upon the membrane and muscle, causing those pains, inflammations and swellings, called

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c.

The Indian Vegetable Pills may be relied on as always certain to give relief, and if persevered with will most assuredly, and without fail, make a perfect cure of the above painful maladies. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, completely rid the body of all morbid and corrupt humors; and rheumatism, gout, and pain of every description, will be literally driven from the body.

For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of atmosphere, or any other cause, the perspiration is checked, and those humors which should pass off by the skin, are thrown inwardly, causing headache, nausea and sickness, pains in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, hoarseness, coughs, consumption, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body and many other symptoms of

CATCHING A COLD.

The Indian Vegetable Pills will invariably give immediate relief. Three or four Pills, taken at night on going to bed, and repeated a few times, will remove all the above unpleasant symptoms and restore the body to even sounder health than it was before. The same may be said of *difficulty of breathing*, or

ASTHMA.

The Indian Vegetable Pills will loosen and carry off by the stomach and bowels those tough phlegmy humors which stop up the air cells of the lungs, and are the cause of the above dreadful complaint.

It should also be remembered that the Indian Vegetable Pills are certain to remove pain in the side, oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptom of a torpid or diseased state of the liver; because they purge from the body those impurities which, if deposited upon this important organ, are the cause of every variety of

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Again, the Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain preventive of

APOPLEXY

and sudden death; because they completely rid the body of those stagnant and corrupt humors which not only obstruct the free circulation of the vital fluid, and give rise to what is called

A RUSH OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD,

but are the cause of giddiness, especially on turning suddenly round, dimness of sight, stupor, loss of memory, headache, inflammation of the brain, insanity, and every malady under heaven.

Agents for the sale of the above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.
Henry Frees, (grocer,) *Germantown.*
John Zimmerman, *Lancaster.*
James Whitehead, (grocer,) *Manayunk.*
Charles Ogilby, *Carlisle, Pa.*
David Oak, *Chambersburg, Pa.*
Joseph Gooding, *Trindelphia, Pa.*
Simpman & Koler, *Mt. Crawford, Pa.*
P. A. & S. Small, *York, Pa.*
Robert Farnham, (Bookseller,) *Washington, D. C.*
Wm. G. Cook, 3 *North Gay street, Baltimore.*
OFFICE and GENERAL DEPOT for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia. my 2—3m

SCOTT'S PATENT REFRIGERATORS, and WATER COOLERS, warranted to be the best article for Generating Cold, and Preserving Provisions, that have ever been offered to the public, as will be seen by the following Certificates and References, viz. Having bought one of John Scott's Patent Refrigerators, a few weeks back, believing, from its construction, that it was the best and most complete article for that purpose ever offered to the public, my objections and prejudices to the common Provision Safes that have hitherto been in use, has all been hushed by the use of Mr. Scott's, for I have more than realised my expectations in its use. Having tested its merits fully, I have recommended them to my friends, who are equally satisfied with them and would now recommend them to the public. WM. ROWLAND,
Saw Manufacturer, Lane street.

CITY REFERENCES.
Rev. John Chambers, Arch street.
James B. Danforth, Merchant, P. wharves.
Charles W. Pierce, Esq. Chesnut street.
P. S. Yorke, Esq. Girard street.
Chas. Illeus, Esq. Schuylkill 7th and Ritner street.
Mr. Briscoe, Walnut street.
T. Remer, Esq. South Eighth street.
Geo. R. Graham, Esq. Saturday Evening Post.
Thomas Mellor, Esq. Arch street.
Benj. Rowland, Esq. Bensell street.
Mr. Shillingsworth, South Eighth street.

In addition to the above certificates and references, the subscriber informs the public that he warrants his article far superior to any other in the line, ever offered in the market, and is prepared to produce certificates from a number of scientific gentlemen, that have not only examined them, but use them with entire satisfaction as to their superiority over all other kind. JOHN SCOTT,
Refrigerator Warehouse, No. 72 South Second street.
ja 20—6m Philadelphia.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.—The following communication from the Rev. Professor Eaton, of Hamilton College, N. Y. in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of Jayne's Hair Tonic.

Hamilton, Feb. 15th, 1840.

Dr. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir: I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's, appeared, and has continued to increase, and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle, but have been a good deal irregular in the use of the "Tonic" from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I felt entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others; and I was as much surprised as delighted, when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long, at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of hair when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hope of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic, which I consider all the hair (fashion) which have been advertised in the papers. I am constrained to believe is what it claims to be; and that it will make the hair grow, and no mistake, at least on some heads. GEO. W. EATON,
Professor in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00. ja 20—3m

Sales by Auction.

BY J. L. DOOLITTLE, AUC.
No. 21 North Fourth st. near the Merchants Hotel.

PUBLIC Sales—Every Evening. Comprising Hardware—Cutlery, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Combs, Whips, Saddlery, Stationery, Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Articles, &c. &c.
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

CARD.—Those having Stocks of Goods, Merchandise, and Effects of Deceased Persons to dispose of, will have every facility afforded them in realising the ready Cash.—*** Appraisements made Gratis.

N. B.—Out door Sales of *Household Furniture, Merchandise, &c.* promptly attended to on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Auction Store. my 16—6m

SICKNESS.—There are many persons that we daily behold, whose countenance and frail trembling limbs denote affliction, which we find has principally originated from neglect of proper remedies. At first the patient complains of bile on the stomach, attended with sickness, costiveness, pain in the stomach after eating, &c. &c. He neglects to procure proper medicine—at length he complains of pain in the side, with sour and acid eructations; his appetite becomes impaired, his rest troublesome, his mind harassed, and all things around him appear not in their proper station. He still neglects himself when in all probability the disease may at length be so fast seated, that no medical aid will replace him again. At the first attack of sickness, there should be "no time lost" in procuring DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING AND APERIENT PILLS, which immediately remove bile from the stomach, obviate costiveness, remove disorders in the head, invigorate the mind, strengthen the body, improve the memory, and enliven the imagination; thus restoring the body again to its proper functions. PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North Eighth Street.

THE SUPERIORITY OF DR. HARLICH'S PILLS over any other medicine that has ever been offered to the public, is, that they *Cleanse, Purify and Strengthen.* These are important items, and their importance should not be overlooked. The system is liable, from improvidence and neglect, to accumulate bile, and a variety of Diseased Humors. To purge the system of these impurities should be early attended to. If it be neglected, the patient may be subjected to painful disease and protracted suffering. THE GERMAN APERIENT PILLS are admirably suited to this purpose—but more than this while they *Cleanse* the system they *purify the blood,* and assist Nature kindly in her operations. The COMPOUND STRENGTHENING PILLS give tone to the stomach, while they impart vigor to the whole nervous system; hence they are a desideratum, and no family should remain without them. In fact they are a sort of "Family Physician," but unlike the "school men"—for these pills may be so fully consulted in *all cases*—they may be taken without injury in any—while they afford positive relief in many. We only ask for a fair trial of their merits, and are willing to abide the issue.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!!—That troublesome and peace destroying disease.—Thousands and tens of thousands suffer from that common and distressing complaint. Dyspepsia is frequently caused by overloading or distending the stomach by excessive eating or drinking, indigestible acid substances taken into the stomach, or from long continued constipation of the bowels, a sedentary life, fear, grief, deep anxiety, a copious draft of cold water, drastic purgative medicines—dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and spasmodic affections of the stomach and bowels, irregular meals, late hours and too frequent use of spirituous liquors.

The symptoms of Dyspepsia may be described as a want of appetite, or an unnatural and voracious one, nausea and sometimes bilious vomiting, sudden and transient distensions of the stomach after eating, acid and putrescent eructations, water brash, pain in the region of the stomach, costiveness, palpitation of the heart, dizziness and dimness of the sight, disturbed rest, tremors, mental despondency, flatulency, spasms, nervous irritability, chilliness, sallowness of complexion—great oppression after eating, languor and general debility, sick headache, &c.

CURE.—At the head of all remedies stands DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC AND GERMAN APERIENT PILLS, which act greatly upon the peristaltic motion of the intestines, thereby producing regularity of the bowels, at the same time improving the functions of the debilitated organs, thus invigorating and restoring the digestive organs to a healthy action. This medicine seldom fails in producing relief.

☞ Full and explicit directions accompanying the above medicine. Likewise a pamphlet which describes diseases, the manner of treating, &c.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the United States, No. 19 North EIGHTH street Philadelphia.

LIST OF AGENTS, who sell *Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening Tonic and German Aperient Pills.*—

Pennsylvania.—Jesse Kerns, Westchester; John J. Zuber, Lancaster; Wm. Mathiott, Columbia; Andrew Keefer, Harrisburg; George Getz, Reading; John T. Werner, Pottsville; Henry Lamb, Wilkesbarre; A. B. Wilson, Berwick; Wm. Biddle, Danville; Henry Youthimer, Sunbury; John Seebold, New Berlin; John Murray, Milton; Willard & Drum, Williamsport; Burnside & Morris, Lockhaven; Henry Brokerhoff, Bellefont; Francis McClure, Lewistown; Jacob Miller, Huntingdon; Williams, Bingham & Co. Hollidaysburg; Geo. Rogers, Evansburg; Moorhead & Lowman, Indiana; John J. Meyers, Carlisle; Dumutt & Bumgardner, York; Samuel Forney, Gettysburg; James R. Kirby, Chambersburg; Thomas Miller, Bedford; M. Tredwell & Co. Somerset; J. B. & R. B. Marsh, Washington; Ranial McLaughlin, Greensburg; John Barclay, Beaver; S. Pennebaker, Mifflintown; F. Dobbs, Kittaning; David & Lane, Butler; J. B. Pearson, New Castle; Dr. James Magoffin, Mercer; John McFarland, Meadville; O. Spafford, Erie; H. Lloyd, Darby; John Marquart, Lebanon; Samuel Smith, Doylestown; Bean & Schrack, Norristown; Mrs. Parker, Kensington; Wm. Peal, Shippensburg; H. Bright, Allentown; Josiah Hetrich, Easton.

Ohio.—James Clark, New Lisbon; G. A. Adams, Warren; S. Swift, Ravina; Strickland & Gaylord, Cleveland; C. O. Crary, Painesville; Henry Harris, Ashtabula; John Saxton, Canton; J. Chapin, New Philadelphia; J. A. Jones, Mt. Vernon; B. Briggs, Newark; Chester Matson, Columbus; P. Cooney, Somerset; McCurdy, Caldwell & Co. Washington; James Turnbull, Steubenville; B. Bartly, Mansfield; S. Edwards, Dayton; S. Peterbaugh, Xenia; Fahnestock & Nigh, Lancaster; A. Lippett, Zanesville; Hanna & Bebee, Cadiz; Whiting & Kelbourne, Springfield; M. & D. McDonald, Urbana; Amos Kloch, Wooster; R. Patten, Marion; J. A. & A. C. Work, St. Clairsville; G. S. Hinman, No. 2 Lower Market street, Cincinnati; J. Howell, Hamilton; J. Scott, Bucyrus.

Indiana.—D. P. Holloway, Richmond; Lewis & Hobbs, Lawrenceburg; J. L. Mothershead, Indianapolis; George Hollins, Brookville; E. Flint, Terre Haute; L. Thams, Vincennes; Thos. January, New Albany.

Kentucky.—Wm. Jones, Louisville; J. C. Noble, Lexington; J. F. Tanner & Co. Shelbyville; Lyle & Walker, Paris.

Virginia.—Wm. Harper Romney; Clark & Windle, Winchester; E. Waots, Charltsville; J. C. Swan, Petersburg; S. T. Barclay, Richmond; Reuben T. Thorn, Fredericksburg; Geo. E. Yeatman, Warrington; John Sanders, Leesburg; Charles D. Kitham, Harpers Ferry; John I. H. Strath, Charlestown.

Maryland.—Jonathan Butler, Cumberland; A. H. Hunt, Frederick; S. Malcomson, Hagerstown; Robert Farnham, Washington, D. C.; John I. Faye, Alexandria, D. C.; N. G. Cook, No. 3 N. Gay Street, Baltimore.

New Jersey.—Francis Woolman, Burlington; G. Coppeck, Mount Holly; Moses Miele, Woodbury; G. H. Hopking, Newark.

New York.—George Hopkins, No. 44, Division street.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the United States is at N. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia. Many original certificates of cures may be seen; also, addresses of various persons, all of which have been cured or benefitted by the above medicines. Those who doubt the efficacy of the medicine are respectfully invited to call and obtain the address of persons and satisfy themselves before they purchase. my 9—3m

DOCTOR JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.—These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy,* and of *Hospitals and Almshouses,* and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These Preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGH, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, HOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and Inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an appropriated Alternative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States. my 16—3m

LET the Truth Prevail.—To Mr. Wm. Deal,

Sir—As you have again attacked me through the columns of the Saturday Evening Post of the 13th and 20th inst. I will reply by asking you a few *questions*, and as you talk of honesty, please be *honest* enough to tell the *truth* in answering them. First, have you not owned through the public prints, that you gave Mahan a certificate in favor of his *System* after using Ward's five years? Second, did you not continue to call it *Mahan's System*, until a short time ago, when you became displeased at Mahan, because you were *informed* that he had said you owed him a small debt? Thirdly, have you not told Ward and others, frequently, that Mahan's drafts were the best *such as he publishes for the use of Tailors*, and did you not say so when under oath, as a witness in the suit of Mahan vs. Ward, but a few days ago? Fourth, were you not absent when the Coats were cut by Mahan in the trial of skill, and therefore did not see, or know, what drafts Mahan used? and afterward did you not state in presence of witnesses that you were satisfied with the *proceedings* in cutting them? Fifthly, on the day Mahan cut his Coats, did you not *refuse* to attend, although sent for, "*because*," as you said, Ward *would not and could not* cut with Mahan with any chance of success? and further that that he could not cut a Coat to fit by the System as *published by Ward himself*; and that Mr. Farr had expressed the same opinion. You speak highly of Mr. Ward's skill as a practical Tailor, &c. Why then is it that the shop Ward, Basford & Ward attempted to establish in Chesnut street about two months ago is now closed, and they retired to the third story of a building in a retired street? Why is it that you published a certificate signed John P. Browning and Francis Mahan, and *have omitted the date, in order to lead persons at a distance to suppose,* that it had been LATELY given him; whereas it was given him in the spring of 1834, more than six years ago, and long before Mahan published a system of Garment Cutting, and then it was given in favor of the System, and not to the man; so the date of this is well known to you? Further—pray what *kind of questions* were used to induce you to see further into the mysteries of Ward's system (*not his system of Shking*) in five days than you could in five years previous? "LET THE TRUTH PREVAIL."

F. MAHAN,
ja 27—1t No. 215 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, Commissioner in Pennsylvania, duly nominated, constituted and appointed by the Governor and Senate of the State of New York, to take the Acknowledgment and Proof of Deeds and other Writings under Seal, to be used or recorded in the State of New York, and to administer Oaths or Affirmations, pursuant to an act of the Legislature of the said state of New York, concerning "the Acknowledgment of Deeds and Instruments of Writing under Seal," passed May 13, 1840.

Commissioner's Office, 92 South Second street. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. ja 20—3m*

NOTICE.—The Co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The affairs of the firm will be settled by P. C. ONDERDONK, who will continue the business on his own account.

HIRAM HUTCHINSON,
PETER C. ONDERDONK.

June 26, 1840. ja 27—4t*

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

An Apology for Kissing.

"The rakish winds kiss all they meet,"
As on viewless wings they fly;
The vallies kiss the mountains' feet,
And the mountains kiss the sky.

The streams kiss, unthrift of love,
Their banks begemmed with flowers,
And swallows leave bright heaven above
To kiss this world of ours!

The swinging billows kiss the beach,
Though in most unlovely fashion,
And the cypress longs the earth to reach,
To enjoy the darling passion.

The fleecy clouds kiss Phœbe's light,
The starry sky adorning;
And day-beams kiss the brow of night,
Ere the burst of the dewy morning.

The ivy kisses from its birth,
All other cares dismissing,
And all things bright and fair on earth
Seem most engaged in kissing.

As this by all is seen and heard,
And known to be the most true love,
'T were most unnatural and absurd
I should not now kiss you, love.

A Woman's Promise.—Henry Carey, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majesty's favor for several years, lost it in the following manner:—As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace, under the queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?" "Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey. "Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth. She retired, but did not forget Carey's answer. Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him. "True," said she, "but that was a woman's promise."

Physicians.—It is pleasing to see the rude customs of our ancestors adapted to our modern civilization. Our German forefathers believed that he who died a natural death must pass a long time in suspense before entering into the enjoyment of Walhalla, and therefore always called in some one to put an end to their life, when there was any danger of its ending in a natural way. We have preserved this custom, and the result is —doctors.

A Retort.—"Friend Franklin," said Elijah Tate, a celebrated Quaker lawyer, of Philadelphia, one day, "thee knows almost every thing; can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? My neighbors are often tapping it of nights." "Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the doctor; "let them but get a taste of the Madeira, and I'll engage they will never trouble thy small beer any more."

Matrimony.—It has been remarked that, in general, persons choose to unite themselves in matrimony to a partner the most opposite in every point, moral and physical. Generally speaking, indeed, it seems as if everybody, upon intimate acquaintance, became heartily sick of his own self, and married a person as unlike the disagreeable original as possible.

Buts.—Some people always have a *but* which they put in the way of every thing. Inquiring of such a one the character of his neighbor, he replied—"Why, he is a pretty fair, clever sort of a man—but—hem!" "But what?" "Why a —hem—why he feeds his plaguy old horse on *punkins!*"

A Clergyman's Life.—How full of beauty, how desirable and how picturesque is the lot of a clergyman, especially in the country! Religion and poetry dwell with him, like twin sisters; and his thoughts, when they turn aside from heaven, rest on all that is most beautiful on earth.

Western Eloquence.—"If," said a lawyer pleading for his client whose garden had been sadly disfigured by his neighbor's pigs—"if law is so far gone out of our free and enlightened country, that our neighbor's pigs must go without yokes, then in vain did our fathers bleed at Bunker Hill, and die at Yorktown."

Silent Nations.—Those nations which are more remarkable for silence or slowness of speech, as the Arabs, English and Germans, possess fiery, eloquent poetry, while that of more loquacious people, as of the French and Italians, is tamer and colder.

Cruelty to Children.—"Jim, does your mother ever scold you?"

"No—something worse than that."

"Does she ever whip you, Jim?"

"No, never whips me, but she *washes my face every morning!*"

Childhood.—It is an error, if we suppose that childhood is the happiest part of life. A child's pleasures are like early spring flowers, pretty but pale and fleeting, and scentless as fleeting. The rich and fragrant treasures of the heart are not developed so early.

Dying Consolation.—"I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will only promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin John." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow, "I am engaged to his brother."

The Present.—Any given century may be likened to a fine estate which we have inherited, which, however, is incumbered with the mortgages, debts and lawsuits of those who were before us. Let it be our care to clear off these as well as to enjoy the property.

A Bull.—An Irishman was sent out to put a letter into the post office, directed to a lady. He brought it back. "Bad luck to them post officers, yer honor," said he, "this letter won't go." "Won't go?" "Divil a bit.—The dirty spalpeens have got a place for the letters for the *males*, but sorrow a one is there for the *females!*"

The nineteenth century.—Its like was never looked upon. Here we find freemen, and there slaves; here a nation over-old, and there one over-young; as in bad years, ripe, half-ripe, and green grapes hang on the vines at once—and the deuce himself cannot make sound wine out of them!

Wishing Luck.—"I say, old Phrizzlefiznal!" said a sailor to a chap with the blues, "blow me if I doesn't wish you luck!"

"My luck! oh! what for!"

"Why, 'kase you doesn't look as though you've had any lately, my hearty!"

Warfare.—To find poets and authors devoting themselves to letters, while all around is tumult and carnage, reminds me of the lark, which soars and sings over the battle-field as well as over the corn-field.

Magisterial.—The Mayor of an English city put forth an advertisement previous to the races, "that no *gentlemen* will be allowed to ride on the course, *except the horses that are to run.*"

Search of Truth.—Blind Orion shall regain his sight, said the oracle, if he will constantly follow the sun's path through the sky. If we seek for the light, our eyes will be opened.

Cold.—An ice merchant, recommending his commodity, a few days since, declared that his ice was much cooler than any other, as it was made on the coldest night of the season.

Death.—The brawling stream of life reflects but a confused image of the bright shapes around us; but when they hover over the still waters of death, we see them clear and lovely.

A Sad Error.—An Italian monk wrote a life of St. Francis Xavier, where he asserted that by one sermon he converted *ten thousand persons in a desert island.*

From the Philadelphia Casket, for June.

English Reprints.

JEREMY SHORT LAYING IT DOWN IN THE EDITORS' SANCTUM.

"Bravo!—Jeremy—have at them. Give them a touch of the tiger—encore."

"As I was saying—of all the trashy things published—a magazine without a cross of the Hyena is the most contemptible. Egad!—what do you editors mean? For what were periodicals invented—let me ask—unless to scare, and scorch, and cook up some poor rascal of a writer into a decent dish for your hungry readers? And yet the better half of you seem as if you could n't frown upon a fly, and thinking love-tales only will be read, content yourselves with thanking heaven for the little brains it takes to write such trash, until at last you have got to be such sleek, fat-faced, good humored, milk-and-water sort of codgers, that your empire has almost passed from your hands, your criticisms are nothing more than puffs for the printers, and every little scurvy poetaster kicks up his heels in defiance if you say a word against his stuff. Pretty times these are truly!—and we have to thank you for them.

"Here now—to come to the point—is one of the greatest evils that literary niggardliness can inflict upon a country—an evil which has been going on, increasing annually, ever since the beginning of the century—an evil which is ruining the taste, while at the same time it starves the authors of our country:—and yet scarcely an editor in the land has lifted a voice against, what if suffered much longer to continue, will make us mere slaves and copyists in literature of the London cockneys, and bury in a common ruin, our free-born native writers, and that stern originality of thought, which the sight of our majestic streams and stupendous mountains should wake, as by the touch of the prophet's staff, into being. Ay! sir —these reprints of the novels, tales, romances, and other trash of the English press are poisoning us. They are withering our literature like the hot breath of their Babel, London, would whither the wild flowers of our own valleys. But —pass us the bottle, for this fast talking makes me confoundedly dry. I 'm just getting a-going, sir—working myself up into a comfortable rage, and if I do n't lay about me by-and-bye with this old crutch of mine, then my name is'nt Jeremy Short, nor have I shot buffaloes at the Black Hills.

"Do you know who they are that select the works which our two great publishers reprint?—Well, sir, I would n't give that for them—no! not a snap of my finger. Messers. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, and the five brothers of New York, are all very fine fellows—and I venerate them next to General Washington and myself—but their readers, whoever they may be, are a set of downright dunces, nincumpoops, or any other sort of rascals. They 've grown so obese, and their brains so muddy on the fat salaries they receive, that half the time—to judge from what they select—they do n't read ten pages of a work, and the other half they either take the puffs of interested cockney publishers for truth, or make up their minds when they 're drunk, crazy, or asleep. I speak by the card, sir, and to prove it will just run over the last half year's reprints: for taking them year in and out, a run of that time will give you pretty much their real value.

"'Jack Sheppard' as I live!—to begin with. Why, that compound of coarseness, improbability, nonsense, and downright villainy, has been killed these six months, and not all the puffery of Bentley and his gang of understrappers can re-animate the already stinking carcass. Ainsworth really wrote well until he got into the purlieus of Cockaigne, and stooped to take the sop, and therefore do the dirty work of a fellow, whom Dickens almost kicked out of his house, when the same impudent proposals were made to him. Jack Sheppard!—thank my stars the window is open; for it really infects the atmosphere, and—do n't you think the room's very close?

"What!—grinding at your hurdy gurdy again, Ainsworth, and drawling out, hat in hand, for dirty sixpences, to the same old monotonous tune at the corners of every street, your pie-bald buffoonery, ridiculous sentiment, and—worse than all —mock heroic tragedy, setting one's teeth on edge, and fairly nauseating us with your trash, 'in linked dullness long drawn out.' Seriously—my dear sir—in what are 'The Tower of London' and 'Guy Fawkes' one whit better than 'Jack Sheppard?' They have the same prolixity—the same unnatural plot—the same plagiarisms in every chapter—and the same monstrosities of heroes stalk through their pages, acting more like fiends from some unheard of world, than human beings, or even demons of the good old Catholic cut. Egad, sir—they are not even original either; for what are your Simon Reynards and your Guy Fawkes, but Jonathan Wilds, dressed out for a new play, mouthing, and spouting, and roaring, and gibbering new speeches, yet discovering the cloven foot peeping out under all their finery, acting and thinking, living and dying the same old villains after all? Can't the fellow—let me ask—give us a grain of novelty? What the deuce do we want with a dozen novels, whose heroes are all made up from the same recipe of 'scowling brows'—'sinister expressions'—'deep fiery eyes,' and every now and then 'a foreboding glance,' or 'an angry stamp of the foot,' thrown in —as if the writer kept such terms on hand, and peppered his dish with them as he went along, just as I pepper this Jersey ham—glorious too, is n't it my boys? But enough—I 'm sick of the very name of Ainsworth—and yet such trash is republished here—with plates to, by 're lady—and hawked about at a shilling a number, to the utter exclusion of native writings of twice the value, and therefore ten times as worthy of being patronised. Kick the whole bundle, Jim, out of the back-door.

"Here is 'The Husband Hater,' of the Sam Lover School, but without a tithe of his wit, and yet having what he has n't—plenty of impudence and coarseness. 'Dennis Ignatius Moriarty!'—and who the deuce are you? If you bear any resemblance to that burlesque of a German Prince in your novel, you come up exactly—let me tell you—to the notion I 've formed of you by reading your volumes. Come there—do n't get into a passion now *Mister* Dennis Ignatius Moriarty—for you 've put enough twaddle into your pages to rouse the ire even of us—the most amiable being alive. Who published for you, pray, in Dublin—who picked you out for re-printing here—who has ever—Dennis, good Dennis!—read you through?

"There, good bye to thee, and it's quite reviving, I declare;—but here are the second on the catalogue, 'The Trials of the Heart'—intended, says the preface, to illustrate the affections, and—by our halidome—two such prosy, inane, trashy, milk-and-water volumes never soiled white paper, or wore down silvery type. There is n't a single spark of even talent in the whole five hundred pages: neither in plot, character, sentiment, language, nor style, are they above the effusions of school boys, in the paper magazines of their debating clubs,—and even an Iowa editor, setting up and printing his own paper as he does, would blush to spawn such stuff upon the world. But—heavens and earth!—the writer is a lady. Why did n't I look at the title page before I read the book? Egad, sir, I 'm struck dumb, confounded, paralysed. Oh! that I should have ever forgotten my chivalry, and given a woman the knout! But I 'll do penance, and let Mrs. Trollope—isn't that the very name?—pass untouched, with all her Factory boys, and other plagiarisms from Oliver Twist. Pass us the needful, and let us toast—standing my boys!—sweet woman, God bless her—beautiful and witching at all times, but oh! how much more so, when letting authorship alone, she sits beside you at your own fireside, leaning fondly on your arm, and looking up so trustingly with her sweet blue eyes into your face, as she whispers comfort to you in the hour of misfortune, or sings, in gayer moments, some simple little lay, such as she used to warble when you lingered, in love's first dawning, by the old brook-side, or down the tangled glen, or through the deep, deep forest shade, gathering wild flowers to bind in her hair as you went, and stopping anon to fold her in your arms, or press a pure kiss on her bright and innocent young brow, as she whispered tremulously—blushing to the bosom the while, and half-starting even at her own voice, —confessing her priceless maiden love. Ah! me, but I 'm wandering!—where was I?—you 're right—just bidding farewell to Mrs. Trollope. Here 's Mrs. Gray too, with her 'Duke and the Cousin,' and for the life of me I can't help saying—against the authoress, and not against the woman, mind, the distinction—that this latter novel sets every former one at defiance, is nothing but sickly sentimentality, diluted to the veriest wash, and—in one word—I 'd as lief kick the bucket, as disgrace my laurels, by criticising it.

"There—thank my stars!—I 've got through the slough, and yet these are specimens of the stuff which is forced down the throats of the community, half the editors in the country lending their aid by systematic puffery, to keep up this greediness for English re-prints. What will become of the taste of the people heaven only knows? They shall soon get such accommodating palates, under this system of literary quackery, that they will swallow, like ostriches, sticks, stones, old iron, and, in short, every thing that offers.

"But this is only the beginning of the evil. This constant re-printing, by fostering the first for *English* writers, would drive native competition out of the field, even if the British and American works could be sold at the same price; but when we take into consideration that the taste costs the publisher merely the price of a London copy, together with the expense of the publication, and that the latter costs him a heavy sum for the copyright, superadded to all the other outlays, we cannot help lifting up our hands in speechless surprise, and wondering by what hook or crook the poor rascal of an American manages to get an audience at all. And few—alas!—do. Many a warm heart, and brilliant intellect has wasted its energies in making pills, or measuring broad-cloth, when—had it been given a fair field—it might have soared to the loftiest heights of poesy or romance, winging its way to the very pinnacle of fame. Even those who succeeded in bribing these Cerebuses, and gaining the ear of the public for a while, and whose talents, among those fit to judge, are ranked as undeniable,—even those, I say, with few exceptions have retired one by one from the field, or only maintain it by the sufferance of England, and the popularity which they enjoy abroad. Bryant, Halleck, Pierpont, and last not least—that young son of thunder—Whittier, all have felt the truth of this; while Irving, Cooper, Willis, and Fay, never think of publishing a volume here, until it has first been issued from, and received the sanction of the London press. Faugh! on such slavery. That Cockney after all was right—though I could have broken his head for it—when he sneeringly said that in literature we were yet, and long would be, only the province of England. And this is to be written of us too, when every hill and valley is full of poetry, and there is scenery all around us to kindle grander emotions in the heart than the lakes of Westmoreland, or the blue hills of bonny Scotland. Yes, sir—I repeat it—there is poetry all around. On the brown hill side, in the quiet valley—on our snow-capt mountains, amid the green savannahs of the South—by the roar of Niagara, the melancholy sweep of the Mississippi, the forests of a thousand years of glory, and the dark, wild gorges of the Rocky Mountains, there is sublimity which all England cannot rival, filling the heart with lofty aspirations, and giving a portion of that same vastness to the mind which is in every thing around. Let me hear no more of our inferiority to the English—the man that says it is a fool, a libeller, a traitor to his country. We are a grander people: our national mind is loftier than theirs. Amid the storms that sweep along our coasts, and the thunder that booms and exults amid our hills, we draw the first inspirations of that lofty feeling, which every hour of our after life strengthens, and which will yet make us the first nation of the world. Heaven save us from the recreants who would malign our genius, and bid us bow and truckle to your perfumed critics of Cockaigne.

"Ah! that was a long swing—your health, sir—but it makes my blood boil to see the indifference of Americans upon this point. Up and be doing, sirs,—lay about you right and left—and make some of those dainty curs go back whelping to their dens. What do we want here with your fashionable novels, with their folly and frippery, their lords, dukes, and princes, setting the heads of our daughters all agog, filling our sons full of bergamot, and poisoning the whole fabric of society with notions about patricians and plebians, that are fitter for a despotism, or an oligarchy than a republic like ours? What do we want with coarse, brutal novels, extolling house-breakers and murderers, until the distinctions of right and wrong become confounded, and our children think what a fine thing it would be to play the part of a Guy Fawkes or a Jack Sheppard? What—I say again—do we want with the poem of the Earl this, or Sir that, to the exclusion of those bright and beautiful imaginings which are left unread, or unpatronised at home? Egad!—I see you 're catching the spirit—rubbing your hands as I live—I shall soon expect to behold you letting drive, side and side, hitting and pelting away till you 've given every rascally son of them a thorough drubbing. English re-prints indeed!—here 's to a better taste in selecting them, and may they soon be so regulated that they shall not crowd our authors out of the market.

"But they may tell you that though the reprints of the last six months have been so worthless, they are not always so, and that besides they are better than the current publications at home during the same time. Don't believe a word of it—it 's all untrue as I 'll show you, not intending to leave a chink where these chaps may creep out. What have they put forth this spring equal to The Pathfinder, or The Voices of the Night, or The Romance of Travel—though that's scarcely a fair example—or a dozen other works I might name almost in a breath, egad? Why, sir, I can point out articles in half—even of your magazines—and in youre not the fewest either—which not only surpass immeasurably these trashy fiction, but the latter are scarcely worthy of being named in the same day. Who pray is Geoffrey Crayon—who is Bryant—who is Halleck—who is Legare—who are men I might name by scores, contributing to your periodicals, and fostering in that way, the germ, from which is to spring the real literature of America? Ah! I see you begin to appreciate me—you 're waxing warm now, egad—and if we don't sweat some of these fellow's jackets, then may I never toss off another bumper of your claret, or puff away at that old meerschaum of mine. But you need n't bravo so loudly yet—we 'll shout if you please when we get out of the woods.

"What use, however, is all this talent to us, that now breaks forth only in fitful flashes, unless we bring it into continued play, by patronising our native writers? And how can you expect a man of sense, in these days, to devote his time to literature unless he is paid for it, and handsomely too? Men must eat as well as think—posthumous glory is after all but nonsense—and who will submit to wear a thread-bare coat, drink muddy ale, and be jostled by every fat tradesman merely for the name of a poet, author, or any other sort of beggar? Let me hear no more then of this writing only for fame. Does Bulwer do it?—does Dickens do it?—does James do it?—did the immortal Sir Walter Scott himself do it? Out upon the whole tribe of your canting critics, who bid authors look to posterity for their reward. The day for such things has gone by. Unless our men of talent can reap a livelihood at least from their pens, depend upon it they will leave literature to itself, and set up in a learned profession, or take, in pure despair, to trading. While men are reaping tens of thousands annually on the other side of the Atlantic, from the sale of their own writings, shall the authors of America be obliged to subsist on the scanty pittance of a few hundreds, doled out by patronising publishers, or—no offence I hope—by still more patronising editors of magazines? Yet so it is. The reason, too, is still the same. Our authors must either ruinously sell their works at a price to compete with the English re-prints, or attempting to obtain a fair return for their labors, sail themselves to the country, and let their works fall still-born from the press. Such of them consequently as publish often, seek at once the fountain head, issue their work in London, and coming over hence, in all the solemn puffery of Cockaigne, sweep the stakes against every other competitor. Do you know, sir, that Cooper's "Pathfinder" was, and Fay's "Countess of Ida" *is*, advertised for publication by the London press, weeks, almost months before their appearance at home? Once put down this unnatural competition, make our people pay roundly for their English volumes, and—mark ye—our native writers will then, and not till then, have a fair competition in their power. Give them that—they ask no more. Heaven grant that the boon may soon be bestowed! Unless it is, our literature will not be worth a sou; —and as for our authors they 'll be more scarce than honest politicians.

"Ah!—I must take a long breath after that—I've really made myself quite warm with this little bit of a chit-chat, and if it was n't for the perfume of your garden shrubs, floating through the casement, and the delicious coolness of this sparkling nectar, I really believe I should have talked myself into a fever before now. But—I beg pardon, I see you 're uneasy—here's a bumper to American authors and American literature!

"You bring up the copyright law! Well—you're half right let me tell you; for nothing but the folly of our people, and the avarice of our publishers could have prevented its passage years ago, in a modified form at least. But it has two opposing interests to contend against—that of the printers, and that of the publishers. The first fear that if the act becomes a law, the English works hereafter to be re-published here, will be printed with stereotype plates, cast in London, from the original forms, and capable, on that account, of being afforded to the American publisher, and imported by him into this country, at a less cost than the price of composition here alone. This —you see—will cut off an extensive branch of the compositor's business. But do you not also see that this objection is a chimera; for we have but to increase the duties on stereotype plates, and what then—let me ask—need our printers fear? But the fact is that they are not so much the foes of the law themselves, as they are the tools of more interested, more designing, more avaricious men, who put forward these honest craftsmen to fight in the fiercest of the battle, while they—the piecreams!—sit calmly stroking their chins in their cozy parlors. Yes, sirs—it is the publishers who are the real enemies of this law. If it passes, half their business will be cut off at a blow,—for an English novel then cooling as high here as in London, none but the very best will find a market, the now enormous sales of trashy re-prints will decline, and thus the department of their business, affording the richest profit, will be completely ruined. No wonder they oppose the act —no wonder they try to alarm the printers—no wonder they denounce, proscribe, and anathematise until they are red in the face. Egad, sirs—if I was in the same category—I don't really know whether even my patriotism would stand the shock, or whether I would n't be found electioneering through the country, bawling, roaring, shouting, and haranguing at every cross-road, court-house, and public meeting against this—what d' th 'y call it?—nefarious act. But do n't think I dislike our publishers—they 're very clever chaps in their way—but after all they 're only money-makers, and—Lord bless you!—can better things be expected of them?

"And now, sirs—cheering I declare—to gather up the stray threads of my argument, and twist them into a compact fabric, what can remedy the evil, inflicted on us by the present system of re-printing English works—an evil which is ruining the taste of the people; starving our authors to death; closing the field against fair competition; making us the apes, copyists, and provincials in letters of England; and blasting American literature even in the bud—what can prevent all this, I ask, so well as a proper, just, well-balanced law, regulating international copyright? I don't care a fig for the English authors, under my present view of the subject—though a pretty smart argument—I 'll just say in passing—might be made upon that head of the matter. I only care for my country, I wish to rouse public sentiment upon this point: if I once get you in harness, tilting against all comers, in defence of poor, old, traduced, American genius, I 'll lay down and die in peace. But—egad!—here comes the coffee—and now for enjoyment in the concrete, my lads."

J. S.

HUE AND CRY—For Advertisement.

REWARD!

Where is my bird? whose thrilling morning lay
Came sweeter to me than the nurse's kiss;
Whose notes would lead my buoyant heart away
Till thought was lost, and gushing tears were bliss
I 've gazed upon it lovingly and long.
With hands upon the wires to set it free,
But when I heard its glad contented song,
I felt how strangely dear that bird could be.

Reward.

Where is my dog? who looked into my heart,
While free responsive feeling gave reply,
And eloquence beyond the reach of art,
Lay in the steadfast love of his dark eye.
Where is my dog? I miss him 'mongst the leaves,
So stirred and musical by wind and wings;
The world is joyless, if the world bereaves
The hunter's heart of all to which it clings.

Reward.

Where is my cat? my calm domestic friend,
Whose burrowed, hearth rug comfort seemed to look
So home-like, when the lamp would send
It's softened radiance o'er my evening book.
Where is my cat? my blythe Arcadian child
Seems drooping like a week neglected flower—
My cat could teach her gambols fresh and wild,
God! must I see her wither hour by hour!

Reward.

Where is the rook? Is the last tenant gone
Of those old oaks that round my father's house
Threw their romantic gloom, where summer shone
And bowls were quaffed to harvest's jocund rouse?
The sailor and the wild typhoon can sleep
The miller to the stream clark dozes on,
But I, beneath those rustling leaves must weep,
O' nights o'er my young joy forever gone!

Reward.

Where is the deer? whose stately antlers burst
Through bosky copse and old ancestral trees,
Stooping to gushing rivulets, athirst,
Then wandering at their singing to the breeze;
The deer—the haunter of the "haunted shade"—
Whose breath is calm, whose food is early leaves,
Whose lair for innocence alone was made—
One social spirit for thy absence grieves!

Reward.

The friend—who parted with me yesternight,
And with the morning came, oh friend! to pray;
Where is he now whose presence brought delight!
What hope will chase a brother's fears away
The friend, whose never failing ardor gave
My drooping heart its kindliest pursuit stay,
Who awed the soul that was but "passion's slave,"
And wiled with wisdom worldly cares away!

Reward.

Where is my wife? on my forsaken bed
My widowed eye broods heavily and strange;
A curse is gathering like a weight of lead,
And madness is my hope, come any change!
Our little ones—our fair haired lisping pets,
Whose ringing laughter filled our yearning hearts,
Are they forgotten? Pure love ne'er forgets!
And sin most shrink where sunshine ne'er departs.

Reward.

Where is my child? my blessed orphan boy,
Who met me ever with his mother's smile,
'Till hallowed memory became a joy,
And all this weariness was gone awhile.
Reward for him—my hope—my life—my all!
Restore him to me! and if wealth ye crave,
Ye grasping worldlings! here is festival!
Feed on my heart! Give us one common grave!

Reward.

Germantown. A. L. Pilkesing

Those we Love.—At all times, in this wintry life, the presence of those we love is like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds, lighting up one particular spot amid the shadows, and giving warmth, and lustre, and loveliness to all beneath the ray. That passing gleam still seems brighter than the full sunshine.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

The Baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance:—A board of "School Commissioners," who encumber a consequential little village, in Maryland being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspaper for "a well-disposed, moral man, who could teach the dead languages, and did not drink whiskey or chew tobacco." After a fortnight of this advertising had elaborated, a raw-boned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine-stick in one hand, and a *Cape Cod* protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:

"Well, sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school teacher?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin," asked one of the committee men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick, again rounding the end of the stick with the knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Latin," said the chairman.

"Quambo hic squashibus et punkinitun lingum," said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ist dat Latin? Who's te auther?"

"Josephus," replied Slick; "he says in his life of Governor Hancock, Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancockibus quod erat demonstrandum."

"Dat's goot," exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, "tere never was better Latin!"

"Now, sir," said the chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the Deestrict of Colomby."

"What state is it in?"

"A state of desperation."

"What latitude are we?"

"According to the thermometer we're ten degrees below zero."

"Which 's the most Western part of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us see how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it be good corn land?"

"Why, then, it depends upon the number of hills."

"Say—five hundred."

"Guess you mought as well tell a feller how many grains you plant to the hill?"

"Five."

"Then, according to Euclid, it would be seven hundred and forty-two feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent. Pray where are you from?"

"Staunton, down in the Bay state—and I can do most anything."

"No doubt; but there is one thing which you cannot do—you cannot humbug us: you may go."

When Wilt Thou Meet Me, Love?

When wilt thou meet me, love? tell me, I pray?
When we fondly together unheeded may stray;
Where none, but the zephyrs our fond vows may hear,
And the sweet woodland choir softly fall on the ear.
When wilt thou meet me, love? &c.

Wilt thou meet me at noon by the rippling stream,
When the sun o'er the waters doth pour his bright beam,
And bask on its banks 'mid the wild fragrant flowers,
Which blossom unheeded by all eyes save ours.
When, when wilt thou meet me, love? &c.

Wilt thou meet me at eve, when the daylight doth fade
In the low forest glen or the opening glade?
When the sky is all studded with stars brightly gleaming,
And the moon in her zenith unclouded is beaming.
When, when wilt thou meet me, love? &c.

Tower of Babel.

The following account of the Tower of Babel is from Sir Robert K. Porter's travels in Western Asia, between the years 1817 and 1820, as quoted by Professor Silliman in his last number of the Journal of Science.

This is an immense pile of ruins—at its base it measures 3082 feet in circuit; width 450 feet —it presents two stages of hills, the first about 66 feet high, cloven into a deep ravine by the ruin, and intersected with the furrows of ages. To the base of the second ascent is about two hundred feet from the bottom of the entire pile, and from the base of this ruin to the top is 35 feet. On the Western side, the entire mass rises at once from the plain in one stupendous, though irregular pyramidical hill, broken in the slopes of its sweeping acclivities by time and violence. The south and north fronts are particularly abrupt toward the point of the brick ruin; on the north side there are large piles of ruins of fine and solid brick work, projecting from among immense masses of rubbish at the base; the fine bricks were evidently part of the extreme summit in a solid mass 28 feet broad, made of the most beautiful brick masonary, and presenting the apparent angle of some structure orginally of a square shape, the remains of which stand on the east to the height of 85 feet, and to the south 22 feet. It is rent from the top to nearly half way down—the remains of the masonry are furnace burnt bricks; they are united by a calcarious cement about a quarter of an inch in thickness, having in it a layer of straw, and so hard that it could not be separated. The base of the structure was not altered, but the piles of fine bricks thrown down were vitrified with various colors, and they gave the ringing sound belonging to the vitrifications of glass in the manufactories; the lines of cement are visible and distinct, and are vitrified. The consuming powers appear to have acted from above, and the scattered ruins fell from a higher point than the summit of the present standing fragment.

The heat of the fire which produced such amazing effects must have burned with the force of the strongest appearance of the cleft in the wall and these vitrified masses, I should be inclined, says the author, to attribute the catastrophe from heaven. Ruins, by the explosion of any combustible matter, would have exhibited very different appearances. The entire surface of the structured appears to have been faced with fine brick.

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

For young Students in Geography.

I am composed of twenty letters.

My 10, 12, 18 and 20, is a county in Indiana.
My 12, 14, 20, 15, 6, 8, 14, 11 and 12, is a county in Maine.
My 13, 6, 5, 14, 19, 3, 9 and 6, is one of the U. States.
My 18, 3, 20, 12, 3, 12, 14 and 6, is a river in Illinois.
My 13, 10 and 20, is a river in Russia.
My 5, 14, 20 and 3, is a gulf North of the Russian Empire.
My 11, 8, 3, 9, 5, 14 and 7, is a city in Virginia.
My 11, 9, 18, 10, 12, 6 and 13, is a lake in N. York.
My 2, 3, 15, 11, 10, 11 and 12, is a county in Kentucky.
My 11, 9, 3, 11, 18 and 19, is a town in Russia.
My 6, 5, 16 and 14, is a river in Prussia.
My 2, 10, 5, 5, 3, 15 and 13, is one of the Germany States.
My 16, 1, 18, 19 and 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 5, 3, 13, 9, 6, 15, 11 and 14, is a county in Illinois.
My 10, 13, 6 and 9, is a river in Prussia.
My 19, 14, 20, 6 and 4, is a lake in Sweden.
My 7, 3, 15 and 3, is a town in Arabia.
My 11, 16, 5, 10, 4, 3, 13 and 18, is a river in Buenos Ayres.
My 3, 10, 9 and 20, is a cape in the Southern part of South America.
My 9, 18, 3, 15, 10, 12 and 14, is the name of a river in the Southern part of Virginia.

And my whole is the name of a person,—a very eminent man in Pennsylvania, who died in the year 1816.

An answer is requested.

Good Times.—The best times the world ever had, were frequently those which were called the worst by their contemporaries, those of trial, suffering and sacrifice. When we clear out an old well, or open a new one, there arises a foul and deadly vapor, which destroys the laborers, yet from them flows ever after health and refreshment.

Man.

The human mind—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne
Where reason sits a sceptred king,
And breathes his judgment tone.
O! who, with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing—the human mind.

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tempter and the tried;
The joyous, yet the suffering—
The source of pain and pride;
The gorgeous throng—the desolate;
The seat of love, the lair of hate,
Self-stung, and self denied!
Yet do we bless thee, as thou art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

The human soul—that startling thing!
Mysterious and sublime!
The angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn by the scoffs of Time—
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth-enslaved, the glory-crowned,
The stricken in its prime!
From heaven in tears to earth it stole,
That startling thing—the human soul!

And this is man—O! ask of him,
The gifted and forgiven—
Whene'er his vision, drear and dim,
The wrecks of Time are driven;
If pride or passion in their power,
Can chain the tide or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven!
He bends the brow, he bows the knee—
"Creator! Father! none but thee!"

The Stuart Family.

There is not a family to be met with in the history of any country whose misfortunes afford so striking a proof of the sad vicissitudes of earthly affairs, as that of the ancient Stuart race. From the days of Walter the Seneschal down to our own times, very few of his Royal descendants died a natural death. For instance: James I. of Scotland, who succeeded his father Robert III, after being twenty years a prisoner in England, was assassinated by his subjects. He was captured by the English in 1404, near Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire, on his passage to France, whither he was going for his education. He was an excellent poet, and the author of the "King's Quair," a poem in six cantos; Christe's Kirk of the Gaene," and "Peblis to the Play." During his captivity in England he had fixed his affections on the Lady Jean, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, whom he married, and with whom he entered Scotland in 1423. This King is the subject of a chapter in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." He was crowned at Scone the year following, and was murdered in a monastery near Perth, in 1437. For the fullest particulars of his death I refer the reader to "The Spaewife," an excellent romance, by the late Mr. Galt.—James II. his son, was killed in his twenty-ninth year at the siege of Roxburgh, in 1460, by the accidental bursting of a cannon, near which he was standing. James III. put in prison by his people, was either slain in battle by the revolters, headed by his son and successor, James IV. or murdered, after being thrown from his horse, in a precipitate flight from the scene of action.—Sanchie Burn, his son, was afterward seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances.

James IV. perished in an engagement with the English, at Floddenfield.

James V. the Fitz James of the "Lady of the Lake," died of a broken heart at the early age of thirty. Mary, his daughter, was beheaded.—Charles I. grand-son of Mary, lost his head on a scaffold. Charles II. his son and successor, suffered many hair-breadth escapes, hardships and privations, and according to some accounts, died by poison. James II. his brother, was driven from his kingdom, and died in exile at St. Germains.

James Francis Edward, styled the old Pretender, son of James, invaded Scotland in 1715, but was unsuccessful in the attempt.

He died at Rome, December 30, 1765. By his consort, Maria, daughter of Prince Sobieski, he left two sons, one of whom was the modern Ascanius, the chivalrous adventurer of 1745, Charles Edward, styled by the adherents of the House of Hanover the young Pretender. He made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to gain the throne of his ancestors.

He died in 1788. His brother, the second son, the Cardinal York, paid the debt of nature at Rome, in 1807, aged eighty-two.

A Thunder-Storm.

There are few things, if any, in all that portion of the universe which is exposed to the eyes of man, so grand, so mighty in beauty, so magnificent in splendor, as a great thunder-storm. The feeble and impotent contention of man with man, even upon the grandest scale, is fain to borrow from the cloudy war of the storm images to give it grandeur. We hear of the thunder of the cannon, of the lightning flash of the artillery. But what is it all to the reality, when forth from the cloud bursts the deafening voice of the storm upon the ear, and upon the eye blazes the blinding flash of the leven bolt of heaven? Where shall we produce lights like that, casting their splendor from one verge of heaven to the other? where shall we find sounds so magnificent, so grand, rolling along the whole vault from the zenith to the horizon? Yet there are few persons who view a thunder-storm with the same feelings; and, indeed, the differences of human character are tried by scarcely anything more finely, than by the sensations produced upon the mind by that phenomenon. There are many who are terrified, and that terror may proceed from a thousand other causes than mere mental weakness. There are some who have been taught fear irremediably in their youth. There are some actually afraid of corporeal danger. There are some scarcely afraid, but awe-struck and overpowered. There are others, again, who have neither fear, nor awe, nor admiration, the dull fabric of whose minds is incapable of any fine sensation. There are some who do more, and admire the storm, but admire it simply for its grandeur: there are others who do so likewise, but go far beyond; who combine it with visions of bright things, who hear tongues like those of angels in the voice of the thunder, and who gaze upon the blaze of the lightning, lighted by its splendor to far faint visions of Almighty power and majesty.

Funerals.

A funeral in a country town is always a melancholy thing, much more so than in the midst of a great city, where the multitude of living, instead of offering, as might be supposed, a strange and startling contrast to the procession of the dead, seems to carry away all thought of mortality upon the tide of animation, and the only fitting and seasonable observation is, "Lo! another drop of water gone from the ocean." Almost every circumstance is to man, in general, very little impressive, except by its associations, which are the channels whereby the events that occur to others apply themselves to our own hearts; and the general moral that we must all die, is the only one suggested by the sight of death in a large city. But in a village, or hamlet, or small neighborhood, a funeral has, in general, a thousand associating ties with the mind of every one who beholds it, bringing it near both to feeling and generous, and to selfish hearts. One man, when he sees his companion borne to the grave, thinks of the boyish days of happiness which he has spent with him, and looks back upon the past with regret. Another mourns him, cut off early before his family are provided for, leaving a widow or parents behind. Another thinks, "He was my schoolfellow, and he is gone; it may be my turn next." So each reads his comment in turn; each feels an interest in the man he has personally known; and gloom and darkness for a time take possession of every heart.

Life.—We get satiated of life, because it never can satisfy. Man has been compared to an ephemera, but wrongly, for the little creature of a day emerges from sloth and darkness to a brilliant existence, while we flutter round for a while like winged flies, and then grow dull and easy, and turn to grubs.

TO THE AGENT, No. 19 North Eight street.

Dear Sir:—There is not one medicine which has so small an introduction into the public prints in proportion to its virtues, as that of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. I have scarcely ever observed it to occupy a good position in the papers more than once or twice, and that in a very brief manner, just sufficient to let the people know that there was such an article. Whilst other medicines much inferior in virtue, embrace "whole columns" are puffed and blown to "the skies," and "certificates of persons repeated again and again," even long after they have been layed in their silent tombs, perhaps ever to be forgotten, if not blazed forth in public prints as being cured of maladies of which they have long been dead.

And the reason is asked under these circumstances, why the demand is so great for the COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, the answer must be obvious that its virtues tell wherever it goes, and those who have once taken it, are glad to communicate such intelligence to their kindred sufferers. This from one who has suffered much, and has been relieved by the above medicine.

Yours, with respect, L. W.

Office for the sale of this medicine is at 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! You who have "Little Children" suffering from the effects of Teething, let not another day or night pass without procuring DR. PARIS' CELEBRATED SOOTHING SYRUP, which gives immediate relief to those "little ones" that suffer almost incessantly at this period. A child thus affected is observed to be restless, fretful and peevish, sleeps but little, and is often seized with sudden fits of screaming and crying, thrusts its fingers into its mouth, thereby seeming to obtain relief. Thousands of "LITTLE CHILDREN" have been saved from that fatal ravager, CONVULSIONS, by the timely use of the above invaluable Medicine.

Be careful and purchase only at the MEDICAL OFFICE, No. 19 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, and of respective agents.

☞ All GENUINE has the signature of DR. PARIS blown in the bottles, and the label and envelope contain an "entry according to the Act of Congress." Price 50 cents.

COLDS & CONSUMPTION. Dr. Swayne's COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY is found by the afflicted generally to be the best article that has yet been discovered for removing the seat of those diseases. This Syrup give immediate relief; causes the phlegm to rise free and easy, at the same time giving strength to the system. For sale at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street.

COLDS! COLDS! COLDS!—As this is the season for these unpleasant visitors, and as a slight cough frequently terminates in a severe consumption, the public should not forget DR. SWAYNE'S SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which is a sure antidote for either. I have tried it myself, and I know it. I can say, with a good conscience, there is no mistake in this popular compound. Go, if you have a cold, to 19 North Eight Street, and try it.—Genius.

DYSPEPSIA, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Side, Loss of Appetite, Palpitation of the Heart, Costiveness, Nervous Affections, and all Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels, in those diseases, DR. HARLICH'S Compound Strengthening Tonic and Aperient German Pills will afford positive relief. "Thousands have already testified to this fact." This invaluable Preparation consists of two "distinct" kinds which are enveloped in "small packages with full directions for using. Their effects upon the System is entirely different from that which many of the Medicines that appear in the public prints produce, and are as follows:—

First to cleanse the Blood, Stomach and Intestines from excrementitious matter (which always subjects the system to disease) by the use of a few doses of APERIENT PILLS. After this is accomplished, the COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC PILLS are used to Strengthen and Invigorate the Nervous System, give tone to the Stomach and Organs of Digestion, thus renewing and reanimating the System again to its proper functions.

Principal Office for the United States is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where the Medicine can always be obtained.

HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.—Those who are afflicted and desire to attain this most important blessing, should not tamper their disease with nostrums which are entirely ruinous to their health and constitutions. Many, at the first attack, resort, to *Drastic Purgatives*, and continue in the use of them until the stomach and bowels become inactive, in which state the doses must be doubly increased before the object is attained. Patients must certainly be aware that, by increased and repeated doses of such medicine, their health must eventually be ruined, and their bowels left in a miserable state. *Purgatives* is absolutely necessary in many diseases, but not more than is sufficient to unload the contents of the stomach and bowels, and that by *Aperients*. It is highly important for patients to consider this and be careful, as their health is all "all in all." Many, however, fancy that they cannot be cured unless they purge the body until it becomes "refined." This is a mistaken idea, and many shorten their days from the results; in proof of this, let us behold certain persons around us, whose countenances and frail trembling limbs denote *purification* to their sorrow.

HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC AND APERIENT GERMAN PILLS, are a safe and effectual medicine, not intended to "*purify men to ghosts*," and make them too refined to remain long in this world, but they assist nature kindly, without injuring or debilitating the tenderest organs. The *Aperient Pills* are used ONLY in such doses as will cause a gentle evacuation of the bowels at the same time the *Strengthening Tonic Pills* are to be used as per direction, and their tendency is to strengthen and invigorate the nervous system give tone to the stomach and digestive organs, remove disorders in the head, obviate costiveness, relieve pain in the side, restore the lost appetite, give tranquil repose to the restless, &c. &c. Full descriptions of the diseases named, the manner of using, &c. defined in a Pamphlet which accompanies the medicine.

☞ PRINCIPAL OFFICE, for the United States, is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where all orders for Medicine must be directed.

HEMOPTYSIS OR SPITTING OF BLOOD.—This disease generally proceeds from oppression and weight of the stomach. A dry tickling Cough, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, &c. The bowels are mostly irregular tongue foul, fever, and restless nights, with spells of distressing cough, and difficult expectoration. Some times the blood that is thrown up is thin, and of a florid red color, at other times thick and of a dark or blackish color, nothing however, can be inferred from this circumstance, but that the blood has lain a longer or shorter time in the breast before being discharged. The above symptoms are frequently attended with chillings, sallow complexion, cold extremities followed with flushes of heat and redness of the cheeks, headache, quick and extremely hard pulse. Palpitation of the heart, suffocating feeling in the chest, sense of rawness of the throat, saltish taste in the mouth. After these symptoms there is a feeling of warmth in the breast, and a slight hawk or cough may cause a considerable discharge of blood. Now set all those who may feel these symptoms or any indication of them, always have by them a few bottles of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY which acts as a preventive against these dangerous attacks, or a certain cure when they have occurred. There is no Medicine which stands "so high," or has attained such popularity for the cure of Breast and Lung complaints, as THE COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

The above medicine can always be obtained at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia; and respective agents throughout the United States.

Also for sale at the Book Store of Mrs. Parker, Beach street, Kensington. J. Davis, 449 Market Street. George Getz, Reading. J. Zuber, Lancaster, and by agents generally throughout the United States. my 9—3m

WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP.—TO PARENTS —JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is without exception the most valuable preparation in use, for the above diseases. It converts Whooping Cough into a mild and tractable disease, shortens its duration more than one half, and produces a certain and speedy recovery. From half to one tea spoonful will certainly cure CROUP in infants and young children, in half an hour and an hour. The lives of hundreds of children will be saved annually by always keeping it on hand ready for cases of emergency. Prepared by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. ap 11—3m

SPRING VILLA SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, at *Bordentown, N. J.*—The duties of this Seminary will be resumed on Wednesday the 22d of April.

The course of instruction comprises all the branches that constitute a complete and thorough education. The principal features of this Institution, however, consists in its being essentially a French school: the pupils being required to use the French language in their intercourse with each other, and with their teachers, both in and out of the school room, they are thus enabled to acquire readiness and fluency in the use of that beautiful idiom, without any detriment to the English branches.

The Musical Department, which is under the care of Mr. E. R. Hansen, a gentleman who joins great professional ability to twenty years' experience, receives also more than usual attention. As the improvement of the pupils depends chiefly on regularity and assiduity in practising, there resides in the Institution an assistant teacher, whose duty is to be constantly in the music rooms, superintending the practice, and aiding the scholars in the difficulties they may meet with.

The property occupied by this Seminary is a delightful Villa, formerly belonging to Joseph Bonaparte, and situated immediately opposite that gentleman's park. In point of comfort and beauty, it is certainly not surpassed by any similar establishment in the country.

The number of pupils is limited to forty. No day scholars are received. There are now a few vacancies, and parents or guardians desirous of obtaining a situation for their daughters or wards, may apply either personally or by mail to A. N. GIRAULT, Principal.

, Catalogues containing terms, regulations, system of education &c. may be found at the store of H. Perkins, 134 Chesnut street, Philadelphia; and for information concerning the character of the school, and the estimation in which it is held, reference is made to the following persons, who, with the exception of one, have had, or now have, daughters or wards under Mr G.'s care.

Niagara Falls N. Y. Judge Sam'l de Veaux.
Ogdensburg, N. Y. Mrs. R. Arnott.
New York City, Mrs. Deane, 1,0 Broadway.
Bordentown, N. J. Capt. Edw. McCall, U. S. N.; Rev R. S. Hall, John L. McKnight.
Philadelphia, Judge Jos. Hopkinson, Walnut above 13th street; William Lavan, 195 north st street; R. W. Dunlap, City Hotel; John Nagles, corner of Brown and Front street.
Lancaster, Pa. Hon. James Buchanan.
Cornwall Furnace, Lebanon co. Pa. John Reynolds.
Bedford, Pa. Mrs. Naomi Kerns.
Sunbury, Northumberland co. Pa. E. Greenough, Mrs. Rebecca Philippe.
Camden, Del. Jonathan Jenkins.
Fayetteville, Amelia county, Va. John T. Jeter, Esq.
Newbern, N. C. John F. Burgwyn.
Onslow Court House, Onslow co. N. C. David W. Sanders.
Warsaw, Duplin county, N. C. Gen. Wm L. Hill.
Weynesborough, N. C. Dr. Backner Hill.
Wilmington, N. C. Col. John it Jones.
Charleston, S. C. Dr. Indyman.
St. Louis, Mo. John Deane.
St. Augustine, Florida, M. H. Tucker. ap 11—3m

MORUS MULTICAULIS.—The subscriber is authorised to exchange Real Estate for Morus Multicaulis. CHARLES CADWALLADER,

mar 28, 1840. No. 330 Market street.

N. B. Wanted experienced silk worm feeders.

apr 2—tf

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS.—To remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion. Prepared only by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. ap 11—6m

JACOB SENNEFF, No. 165 North Second st. between Race and Vine street, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel—Manufacturer of Reeds, Steel and Cane Reeds and Healds, or Harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz.—

Machine Cards of all descriptions, (tooth Sheet and Filleting) Shuttles, Comb Plate, Belt Picker and Lace Leather, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Press Paper, Pickers, Roller Cloths, Sattinet, Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain of all colors, overlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c.

my 2—6m

EDUCATION.—A gentleman, who is a graduate and has been several years engaged in teaching the English, Classical, and Matematical branches of Education, wishes to commence an Academy, or some literary Institution in a healthy borough or village. His wife being a proficient in Music, it would equally suit him to establish a seminary for young ladies. A stated salary is not desired. Letters addressed to E. R. HOLLISTER, Philadelphia, will be handed to the advertiser and receive immediate attention.

N. B. His classical academy in Philadelphia would be sold or exchanged for one in the country. ja 13—4t*

G. WASHINGTON ASH, Agent for Negotiating Notes, Bills of Exchange, Post Notes, Bonds and Mortgages, Insurance on Life, Fire and Marine Risks, for making Investments in Stocks, and for the purchase and sale of Real Estate. Office, Back Room, No. 4 Library street, Philadelphia. ja 20—6m

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.—The subscriber has received from the American Institute, of New York, and from the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, *No. 160 Pine street, Philadelphia.* SAMUEL W. STOCKTON,

jan 25—1y Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth.

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, *South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.* The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON.

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, or EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility; with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added,

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the Author, and sold at No. 33 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and Booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Doctor Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest urethral disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE. Also by the same Author. On Marriage.—Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications, Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System; the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and information incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications, sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by inclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia. ap 11—1y

COCOONS WANTED.—THE MODEL FILATURE ASSOCIATION, chartered by the State of Pennsylvania, with a capital of 20,000 dollars, is now ready to purchase all the Cocoons which may be offered. The filature is established at No. 380 Market street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. Cocoons will not be received to reel on shares, nor will they be purchased by weight.

It is expected this association will be able to ensure a market for many thousand bushels of Cocoons during the present year. The smallest lot that may be offered, will be promptly purchased. The color of the Cocoons will not affect the price; but care must be taken to season them thoroughly before packing for transportation, and to avoid packing so as to indent them. The largest Cocoons are not always the best; good ones are firm and hard to the touch—a large spongy Cocoon will not yield much silk. Cocoons are measured by heaping the bushel if the floss is on them; if taken off, the bushel to stand, or made even with its sides.

A pamphlet containing an exposition of the objects of the Association, with the charter, constitution, and bylaws, may be obtained without charge at the Filature.

mar 14—6m

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—This medicine has already proved itself to be all that it has been recommended by those who have given it a fair test in this county, and the demand for it increases daily. We have just heard of an important cure of Asthma, which has been effected by the use of it in a neighboring town—the case was that of a female who had for a long time been under the care of a physician, but had received no relief, and her case was beginning to be considered hopeless. As a last resort she purchased a bottle of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which caused her to expectorate freely, gradually eased her cough, and is rapidly restoring her to health. We have no hesitation in saying this preparation of Dr. Jayne, for the cure of *Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Consumption, &c.* is the most valuable medicine ever offered to the American public. There is no quackery about it—Dr. Jayne is one of the most skilful practising physicians in Pennsylvania; and wherever his preparations have been thoroughly tested, he is looked upon as a great public benefactor.—*Somerset (Me.) Journal.*

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1.00 ap 11—3m

SLEEPER & BROTHERS, Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.) No. 116 Market street, Philadelphia. Extensive Manufacturers of SILK, GINGHAM & COTTON UMBRELLAS, PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS. Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they are enabled to manufacture and sell as low as any house in this market not excepting the *self styled* "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.

jan 12 '39—tf

CONSUMPTION, COUGH, SPITTING BLOOD, &c.—TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Four fifths of you are really suffering from neglected Colds, or an Obstruction and consequent inflammation of the delicate lining of those tubes through which the air we breathe is distributed to every part of the lungs. This Obstruction produces pain and soreness, hoarseness, cough, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, and a spitting of blood matter or phlegm, which finally exhausts the strength of the patient, and ends in death. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT never fails to remove this obstruction, and produces the most pleasing and happy results. It is certain in its effects, and cannot fail to relieve. Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. ap 11—3m

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 7 Bowery, New York, manufacturers and dealers in clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces. Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to carry one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour. Prices from 200 to 600 dollars. mar 21—1y*

FOR SALE, IN GERMANTOWN, a dwelling house and lot of land, formerly the property of John Fry, deceased, having 34 feet front on the Main street of Germantown, and extending back of equal width 16.4 perches and contains 34 perches of land. The improvements are a two story stone dwelling house 24½ feet front by 31 deep, with two rooms and an entry on each story kitchen adjoining, and the cellar under the whole, a well of good water with pump in it near the kitchen door. This property is situated nearly opposite the Bank of Germantown, in one of the pleasantest parts of the village. For terms apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. feb 22—tf

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHER, at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers, harness, and coach makers, book binders, hatters, &c. &c.

mar 7—1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT always cures ASTHMA, two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with Consumption, or Cough, Spitting of Blood, and other pulmonary affections, have been restored to perfect health by it. It never fails in giving relief. Prepared by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00.

ap 11—3m

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!—The wigmakers have declared hostilities against our neighbor, Dr. Jayne, on account of his HAIR TONIC, which is knocking all their business into a "cocked hat." Ladies and gentlemen, old and young, are flocking to the Doctor's standard. Heads long divested of even the first rudiments of hair, after using his Hair Tonic, soon appear with new and flowing locks, which Absalom himself might have envied. Beardless boys are seen with large and bushy whiskers, and in less emic agtin through their own raven ringlets, more beautiful and bewitching than ever. Bald heads are doffing their wigs and throwing them to the "moles and the bats," while the whiskmakers stand aghast as they behold the demolition of their business.

What will be the consequence of this war we know not, as the wiggies are outrageous, and the Doctor remains firm, and declares that "some things can be done as well as others," and that BALD HEADS may as well wear their own hair as that of other people.—*Weekly Messenger.*

☞ It may be had of Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1. ap 11—3m

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